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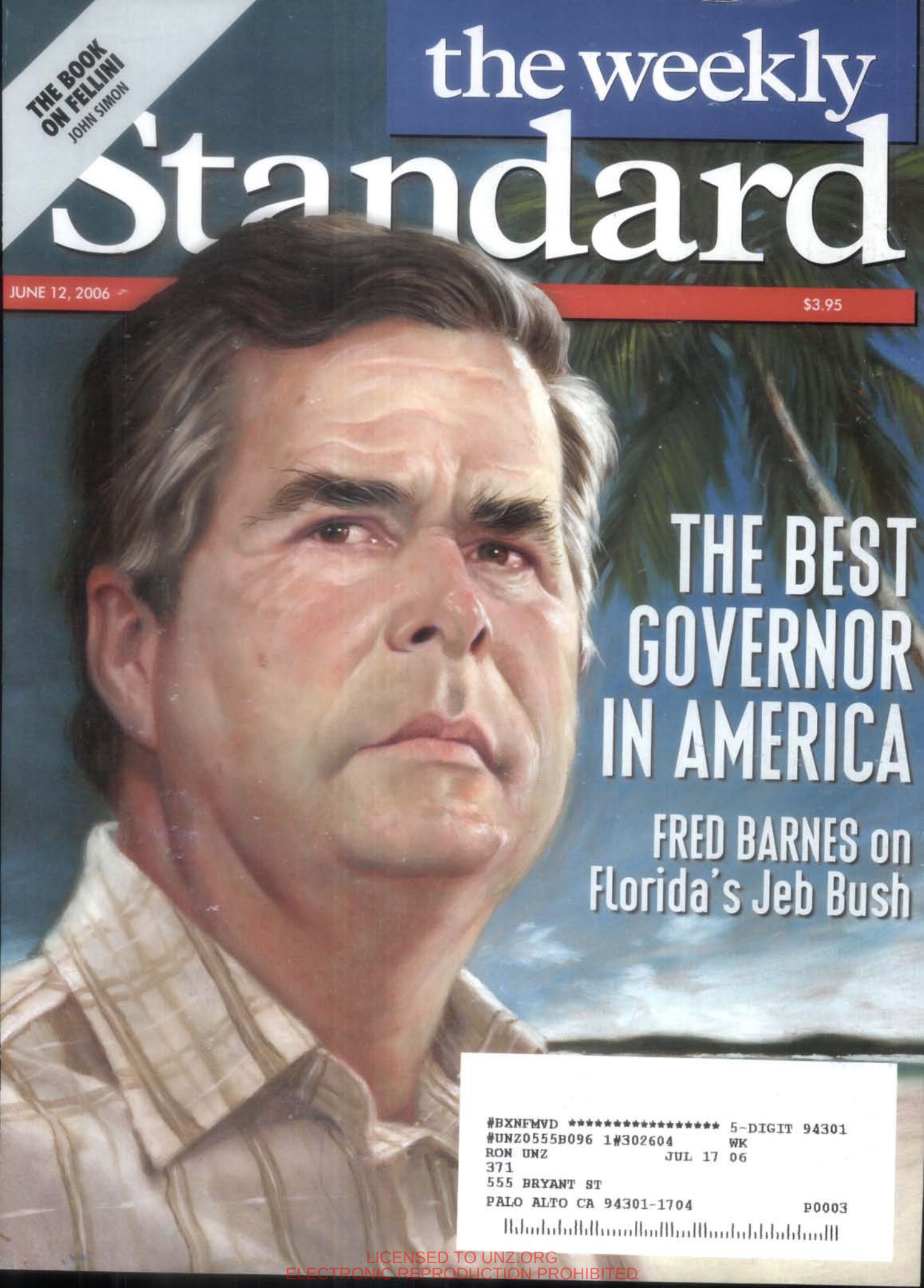
JOHN SIMON



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FRED BARNES on Florida's Jeb Bush

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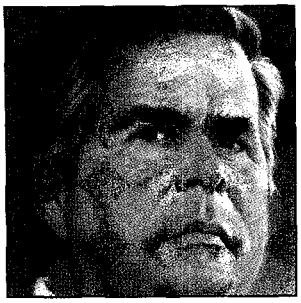

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Unsophisticated Europe

One of the annoying side effects of the Global War on Terror is the resurgence of Europe's moral superiority complex. The United States, goes the continental thinking, is run by an imbecilic cowboy (and his evil partner) whose unsophisticated worldview reflects the general ignorance of the Americans who twice elected him. Sniff, sniff. If you think this is an overstatement, spend some time at virtually any gathering of European politicians or watch the BBC for any random quarter hour.

So it was with particular interest that THE SCRAPBOOK read a June 2 article by Kelly Whiteside in *USA Today*, previewing the upcoming World Cup, to be held at 12 sites throughout Germany. "Concerns Raised Over Racism During Cup," read the headline. It should be noted that THE SCRAPBOOK normally has a low tolerance for sociology-of-sports thumbsuckers turned out by liberal sports reporters. Our colleague Stephen F. Hayes tells us he took a course at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism devoted to just such "reporting" co-taught, as it happens, by Kelly Whiteside. The first class featured a lecture about the evils of keeping score, particularly in youth sports, where everyone is a winner. But we digress.

This article is different. Europe, it seems, has serious problems with racist fans at sporting events. So serious that a former spokesman for Gerhard Schröder warned non-whites visiting for the World Cup to avoid traveling in certain parts of the country. "There are small and medium-sized towns in Brandenburg, as well as elsewhere, which I would advise a visitor of another skin color to avoid going to. . . . It is possible he wouldn't get out alive," said Uwe-Karsten Heye. Overstated? Perhaps. Uwe-Karsten Heye now runs an anti-racism organization and could be expected to dramatize the problems.

Then again, maybe not. According to *USA Today*:

> Samuel Eto'o, who is from Cameroon and plays for FC Barcelona, threatened to walk out of a game after being showered with monkey chants and peanuts from opposing fans.
>
> Last November, Marc Zoro, who is from the Ivory Coast and plays for the Italian club Messina, picked up the ball and threatened to walk off the field because of racist chants from Inter Milan fans. Last December, Paulo Di Canio, a striker for the Italian club Lazio, was suspended for giving fans a straight-arm, Nazi-style salute. He said he was supporting fascism, not racism.

In that same article, Oguchi Onyewu, a standout defender for the U.S. World Cup team who plays regularly in Belgium, said, "I've been harassed while in a car, punched in face, heard monkey chants." Onyewu said he was punched in the face by an opposing fan in April after the fan's taunts failed to rattle him. "I was going to throw the ball in, and some fans started doing monkey chants and I made a gesture like, 'Whatever.' And a guy reached over and punched me in the mouth." Onyewu told the paper that the fan was fined.

U.S. midfielder DaMarcus Beasley, who is black, plays for PSV Eindhoven, based in Holland. "In America," he said, "we don't have that. No one is saying racial things at you. It's pretty bad in Spain, some in Italy. That goes with the territory."

Perhaps the rubes that behave this way are in the minority, so to speak. There are anti-racism efforts springing up throughout Europe. But what about at the games? Where are the typical, superior Europeans? Why don't they shout down the racists? Says U.S. defender Eddie Pope: "Making monkey noises at an NBA game or an NFL game? It would be ridiculous." Indeed. ♦

Secretary of Ornithology

Almost everyone seems gratified by the appointment of Goldman Sachs chairman Henry Paulson as secretary of the treasury—even Chuck Schumer calls it a "pleasant surprise"—and THE SCRAPBOOK is no exception. When a left-wing canary-in-the-mine like Schumer can't think of anything obnoxious to say, that's a good omen.

Part of our enthusiasm, however, is based not so much on Paulson's record as a Napoleon of Wall Street, or his views on exchange rates, but on his status as a dedicated bird-watcher. Befitting a successful capitalist, Paulson's hobby tends to run toward raptors and exotic birds of prey, which he has been known to bring into the Goldman Sachs offices to show selected colleagues. (Whether for professional inspiration or scientific admiration, we cannot say.)

To be sure, THE SCRAPBOOK's tastes run more toward songbirds and selected waterfowl—ducks, geese, herons, etc.—and regulars at the backyard feeder. But we're not complaining. It's been awhile since an amateur ornithologist exerted the sort of influence Hank Paulson promises to wield in Washington; and as any political scientist will concede, successful statesmen have something to

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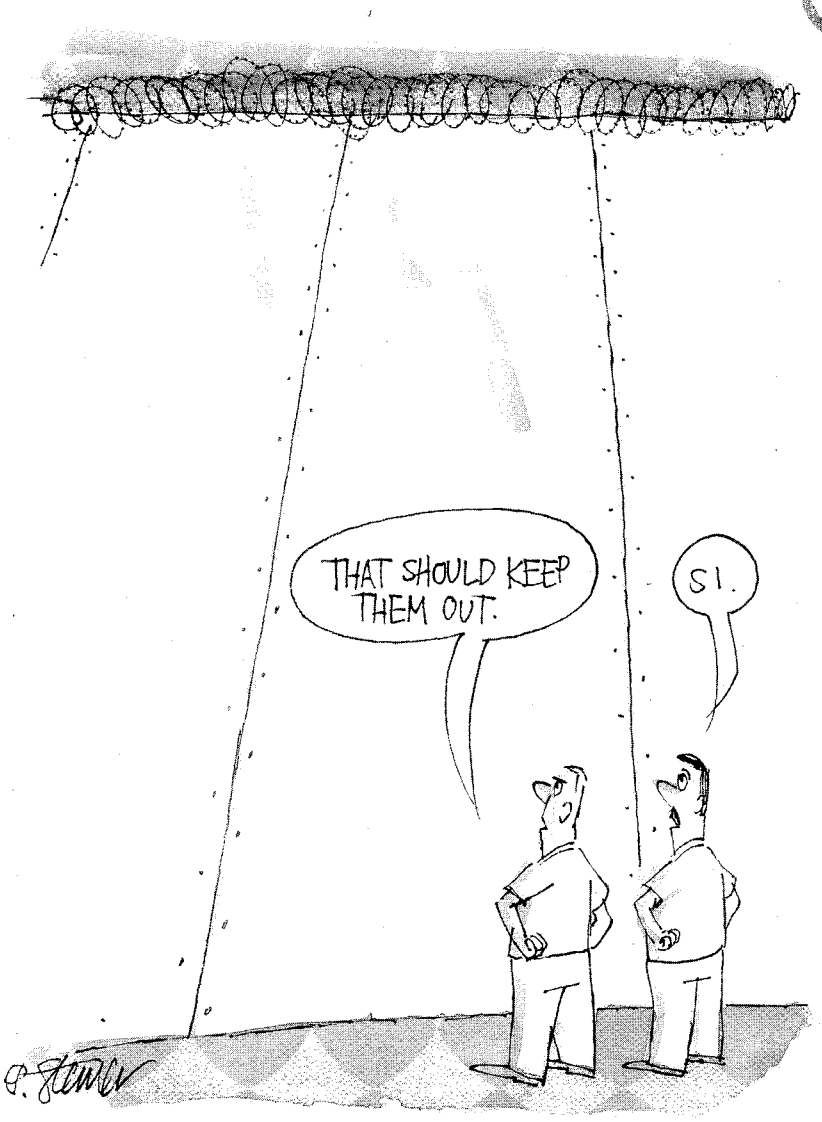

learn from the habits of hummingbirds (energy), barn owls (aggressiveness), blue jays (adaptability), and mockingbirds (communications).

Moreover, there is distinguished precedent. Sir Edward Grey, British foreign secretary in the early 20th century, and a famous birder, once invited the retired President Theodore Roosevelt to join him on an extended walk deep in the English countryside. Roosevelt's status as an amateur naturalist was well known, but Sir Edward was not prepared for what he learned on the excursion.

"We began our walk," he wrote after Roosevelt's death, "and when a song was heard, I told him the name of the bird. I noticed that as soon as I mentioned the name, it was unnecessary to tell him more. He knew what the bird was like. It was not necessary for him to see it. He knew the kind of bird it was, its habits and appearance. He just wanted to complete his knowledge by hearing the song.

"He had, too, a very trained ear for bird songs, which cannot be acquired without having spent much time in listening to them. How he had found time in that busy life to acquire this knowledge so thoroughly it is almost impossible to imagine, but there the knowledge and training undoubtedly were." ♦

Dr. Dobson, We Presume

A tip of THE SCRAPBOOK's hat to *regrettheerror.com*, the always invaluable blog devoted to media retractions, for its recent discovery of a fascinating—and apparently quite longstanding and entrenched—phenomenon involving Focus on the Family chairman James Dobson. Here's a taste:

> *A May 14 article about Sen. John McCain's speech at Liberty University incorrectly referred to the chairman of Focus on the Family as the Rev. James Dobson. Dobson is not an ordained minister.*
>
> —correction in the May 16 *Washington Post*

> *In the May 10 edition of "Heard on the Hill," James Dobson of Focus on the Family was misidentified as a reverend. He has a Ph.D. from the University of Southern California in the field of child development.*
>
> —correction in the May 11 *Roll Call*

> *A headline April 20 with a story about the 70th birthday of Dr. James Dobson misidentified him as an evangelist. A child psychologist and best-selling author, he is the founder and chairman of Focus on Family, a nonprofit Christian ministry that helps families.*
>
> —correction in the April 27 *San Diego Union-Tribune*

Craig Silverman of *regrettheerror.com* reports that at least 18 different American newspapers and magazines have run one or another version of this same mistake since 1989. Curiouser still, five of those publications—the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Kansas City Star*, and the *Chicago Tribune*—have done it twice apiece. ♦

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Casual

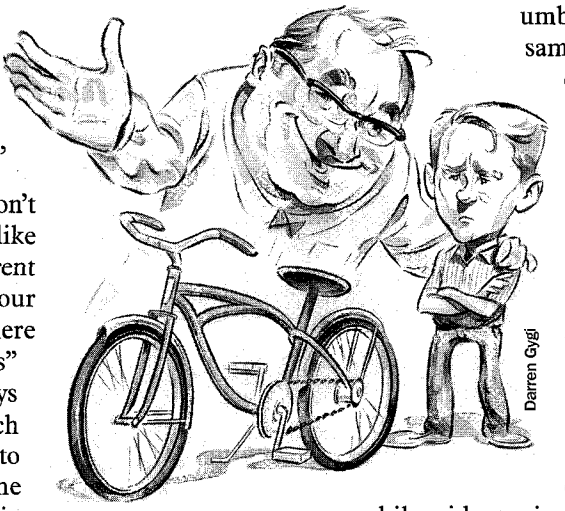
SPANDEXLESS

I had my first bicycle when I was eleven, and it was a disappointment. Schwinn seemed the only bike worth having in those days. My father, for some reason, surprised me by bringing home an off-brand bike called a SunRacer. Red and white, it had nothing wrong with it, but it wasn't a Schwinn. I soon removed its fenders, chainguard, and kickstand, and bent its handlebars downward. But there wasn't much else I could do to add to its glamour. Had I had a Schwinn, who can say, today I might be president of the World Bank, artistic director of the Orchestre de Paris, chairman of Disney.

I rode that bike everywhere. I don't remember having to lock it up, unlike nowadays when I lock up my current bike even when parking it in our garage. (I recently read somewhere that the use of the word "nowadays" suggests a reactionary, for nowadays are always understood to be much worse than thenadays. Something to it, I fear.) At fifteen, the age one could then get a driver's license in Chicago, my friends and I, putting away childish things, abandoned our bikes for cars and the wondrous freedom they gave to roam the city.

Bikes for adults didn't come into play until the exercise craze hit. I owned a green Raleigh racer in the late 1960s. In the early '80s at a police auction I acquired a three-speed Huffy. I used sometimes to ride it to the university where I taught; pipeless and suede-patchless, a bike was the only professorial accoutrement I had. Then, a decade or so later, I bought a standard, handlebars-straight-up, three-speed green Slipstream bike, which I used for a while, then forgot about. A young man in our building has recently gone into the bike-repair business, and so, summer coming on, feeling the need for a bit of exercise, and bored with longish walks, I had him clean up my long unused Slipstream, which I take now out for a spin four or five times a week.

By a spin I mean nothing marathon but four or five miles. I don't suit up for these little excursions but wear whatever I happen to have on. I'd as soon put on Spandex shorts for a bike ride as give the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures in a Speedo. I eschew a helmet because I look too goofy in one, and nowadays (there's that word again) have just enough vanity left to wish to look merely ungoofy. I do use a clip around my right ankle to prevent my trousers from getting caught in the chain.


Darren Gygi

I find myself looking forward to these rides, which I do not take at any set time of the day but when the mood strikes. I am a bit tentative on my bike; the thought of a serious fall never quite deserts me. I haven't yet worked up the courage to ride "no-hands," but then maybe one needs a living mother to do so ("Look, Ma, no hands!"). As kids we specialized in trick riding, including riding while seated backwards. The toughest trick of all—accomplished only by my friend Norm Brodsky—was to drive oneself on one's own handlebars, facing forward. I was with a boy named Ronny Harris who, attempting it, ended up with a concussion and several facial lacerations.

My current bike ride always follows the same route. At the beginning it goes slightly downhill, which provides a slight thrill. The return is of course slightly uphill, which leaves me having to work a bit, ending up breathing more heavily, which gives the impression of a workout. I ride through a nearby park, then alongside Lake Michigan. Joggers, young parents pushing their children in the new troika prams, Asians with pastel umbrellas out for walks, are on the same path. I go at a medium pace, every so often pumping hard to build up a bit of speed off which I let the bike glide.

My exercise does not include the element of progress. I do not anticipate going for longer and longer rides, getting in better and better shape. I am merely trying not to fall too quickly into even worse shape. I ride my bike less for reasons of health than for the delight in pedaling along, noting the lake in its many moods and differing colors, and taking in the views. One somehow sees more on a bicycle than in a car or even while walking.

For all the pleasures bike-riding gives, I do have a single regret. Many years ago, I met a man who, having read an essay of mine on juggling, asked if I would like to learn to ride a unicycle, which he would be pleased to teach me to do. I would love to ride a unicycle, I told him. He gave me his business card, but, for some reason, I never got around to calling him. I have long since lost his card, and now, alas, it is too late. If there is a heaven, and if I am permitted entry, you will not fail to notice me there: I shall be the fellow without the helmet tooling around on the unicycle, grinning.

JOSEPH EPSTEIN

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Ah, Mad Ahmadinejad

Hillel Fradkin's "Reading Ahmadinejad in Washington" (May 29) is both brilliant and alarming. One hopes not only that American policymakers give the piece the attention it deserves, but also that American intelligence services are capable of producing comparably insightful and sophisticated analyses. The free world has yet to understand and accept the frightening nature and extent of the threat the fanatical Iranian president represents. With its Kennanesque spirit, Fradkin's perceptive and sobering assessment should help hasten the inevitable day when the West is compelled to come to terms with the unpleasant reality it confronts in radical, apocalyptic Islam.

John David Dyche
Louisville, Ky.

Piping Up on Organs

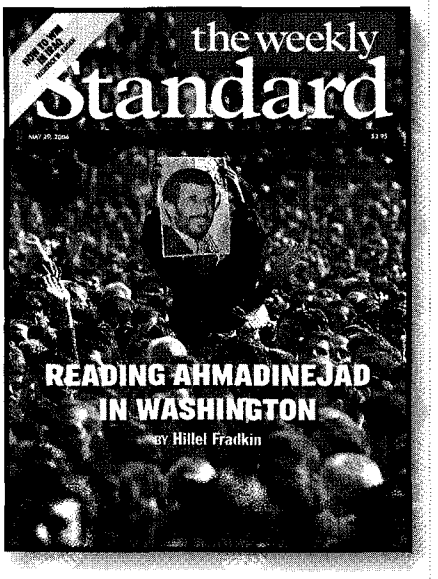
Sally Satel's attempt in "The Kindness of Strangers" (May 29) to portray Dr. Douglas Hanto and others sharing his opinion as cold-hearted "obstructionists" is severely flawed. It is precisely *because* of his sympathy that he refuses to perform transplants out of order. Although Satel attempts to portray him as playing God with people's lives by not allowing transplants out of order, it is she who is playing God by insinuating that one person's life is worth more than another's simply because that person had the knowledge, means, and foresight to seek out a donor more aggressively than another.

I certainly understand Satel's concern, especially knowing that she has been through the experience herself. I also agree with her that a problem does in fact exist, but her solution is not viable. Instead of having people seeking out donors on their own and ultimately saying, "my life is worth more than yours," those administering the waiting list should themselves be aggressively seeking out those same donors and allowing the organs to be transplanted fairly—without resorting to valuing one person's life more than another's.

Paul M. Arking
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Migrants Sans Borders

Fred Barnes has it backwards—the way to lose the House is for



Republicans to pass anything like the Senate bill ("How to Lose the House," May 29). A bad bill is worse than no bill at all. The Republican base won't be fooled by a reform that offers more benefits to illegal aliens and more costs to the American taxpayer. The goal of immigration reform should be to reduce the costly burden that immigration puts on the taxpayer. This bill does nothing to reduce that burden.

It is the costs of illegal immigration that infuriate the average American. Illegal aliens fill up emergency rooms getting free medical care, use free ambulances for nonemergency conditions, obtain free education, and collect welfare. We're not going to deport some twelve million illegal immigrants, but we should make all of them ineligible for taxpayer-provided services and should deport those who abuse our generosity.

Spec Bowers
Grantham, N.H.

If I had a pipe burst in my basement, I wouldn't even think of starting to bail until I shut off the water. With all of the illegal aliens who have leaked into this country from Mexico, some in Congress, particularly in the Senate, want to start bailing by offering amnesty and a "temporary" worker program. Yet we have enough laws on the books to "shut off the water," or the flow of illegals, so why not shut down the border first? After we have turned off the water, we can then discuss ways to bail.

John Billing
Ocean Pines, Md.

• • •

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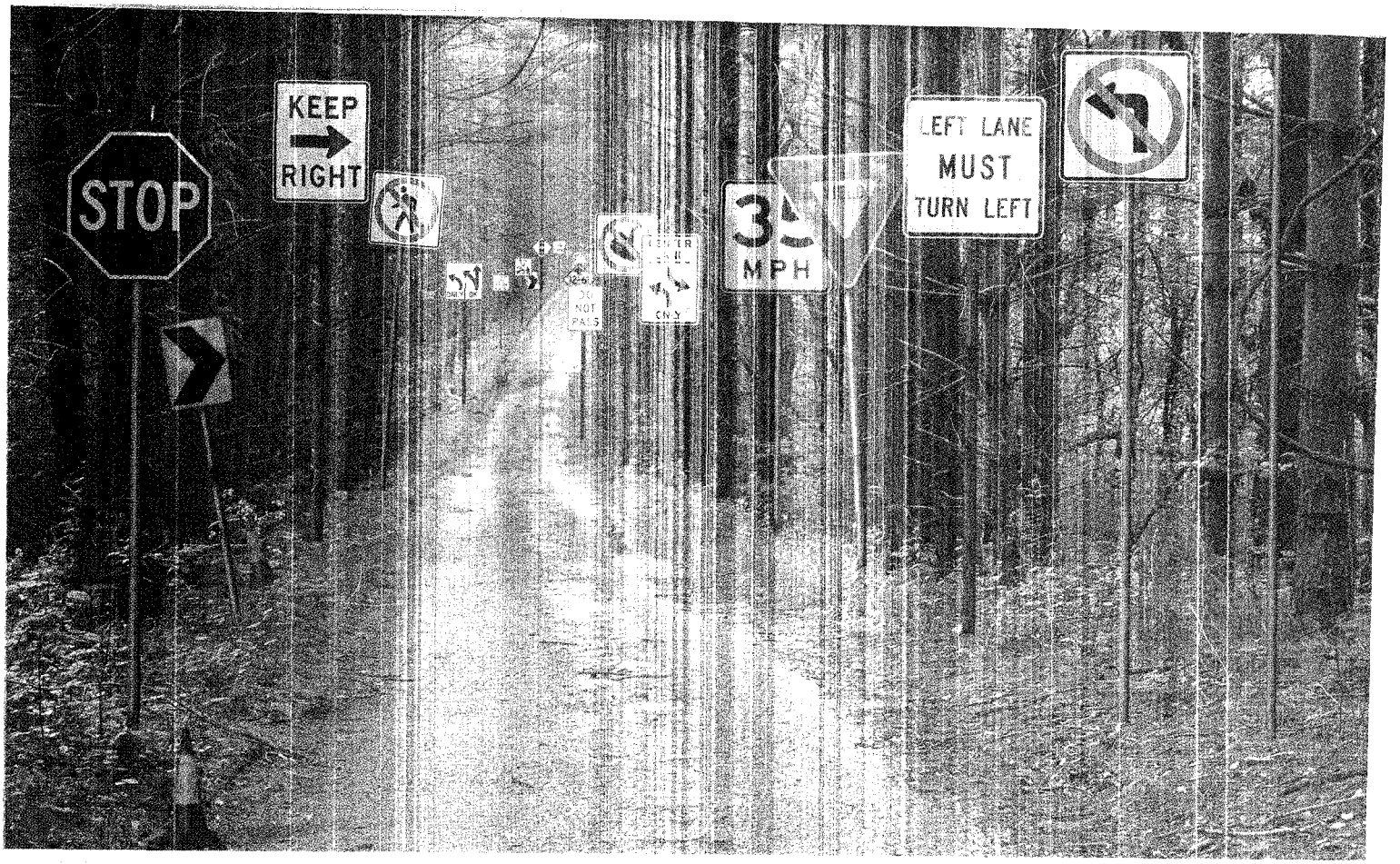

Net neutrality:

Regulate something that hasn't been built... to solve a problem that doesn't exist.

> Congress is under pressure from both sides of the debate, but it should borrow the first principle of the medical profession: First, do no harm. Bad law, in this case, could be much worse than no law. And it's not entirely clear yet what a good law would look like.
>
> "Not so fast on network neutrality"
> *The Oregonian*
> Editorial, May 15, 2006

> It's clear today that giving consumers the kind of Internet that will support high-definition video and gaming will require the bill to be shared by companies with a stake in putting the new services in front of consumers.
>
> "What Congress is Learning About 'Net Neutrality'"
> *Wall Street Journal*
> Holman W. Jenkins, Jr.
> Business World Column, May 17, 2006

America needs to connect homes and businesses directly to the backbone of the Internet. It's going to be a lot of work. It's going to be expensive. And it's going to happen.

The big online businesses pushing "net neutrality" want to use these new lines. But they don't want to pay their fair share. Instead they want Congress to pre-emptively regulate the new lines before they're even built and pass all the costs on to consumers.

Net neutrality means consumers will be stuck paying more for their Internet access to cover the big online companies' share.

Net neutrality.

The big online businesses get all the benefits – consumers get the whole bill.

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Haditha Handwringing

U.S. Marines are under investigation for alleged misconduct in the deaths of Iraqi civilians. The inquiry into the events at Haditha last November 19 is ongoing—but the *Nation*'s editors already know what happened: A U.S. "war crime"! A military "massacre"! A "cover-up"! (And also a "willful, targeted brutality designed to send a message to Iraqis"—something a cover-up would seem to make more difficult.) The anti-American left can barely be bothered to conceal its glee.

As for the pro-American left, they write more in sorrow than in anger. Here's the *New Republic*'s Peter Beinart:

> Americans can be as barbaric as anyone. What makes us an exceptional nation with the capacity to lead and inspire the world is our very recognition of that fact. We are capable of Hadithas and My Lais, so is everyone. But few societies are capable of acknowledging what happened, bringing the killers to justice, and instituting changes that make it less likely to happen again. That's how we show we are different from the jihadists. We don't just assert it. We prove it. That's the liberal version of American exceptionalism, and it's what we need right now in response to this horror.

No, it isn't. The last thing we need in response to Haditha is hand-wringing liberalism. The war against the jihadists, a war Beinart supports, is not a metaphorical one. Liberals may want to win a war on terror without fighting, and are shocked that in a war, crimes and abuses occur. But here's the hard, Trumanesque truth: In war, terrible things happen, including crimes and abuses and cover-ups.

Let's be clear: Crimes and cover-ups cannot be excused or tolerated. They must be investigated, and the individuals involved, and their commanders, must be held accountable and punished. As the Marine Corps commandant points out, the Marine Hymn pledges that we "keep our honor clean." This is happening. All nations' soldiers commit crimes, and decent nations punish them. But it is not true that "what makes us an exceptional nation with the capacity to lead and inspire the world" is that we recognize we can be barbaric and that we punish barbarism.

What makes us exceptional is that we stand for liberty, and that we are willing to fight for liberty. We don't need to "prove" we are different from the jihadists by bringing our own soldiers, if they have done something wrong, to justice. Of course we must and will do this. But our doing this "proves" nothing. Even if there were ten Hadithas, we would still not have to "prove" that we are "different from the jihadists." The idea would be offensive if it were not ludicrous.

What we do have to prove is that we are strong enough to fight this war, and intelligent enough to win it. Our political and military leadership has to be serious enough to reconsider failing tactics and strategy, and capable enough to do what it takes to win.

Supporters of the war have engaged in a vigorous debate, in these pages and elsewhere, about how better to fight this war. It would be encouraging if more people at senior levels of the military seemed to be engaged in this kind of serious thinking and rethinking. It would be encouraging if more civilians high up in the Pentagon were engaged in such a debate. It would be encouraging if a single person in the White House seemed to be engaged in a real effort to learn from mistakes, so as to adjust our policy to make success more likely.

The American people understand we are at war. They will support what has to be done. The remarkable men and women in uniform will do their jobs in an exemplary way. The military leadership seems competent—and can be shaken up if it is not. The question is whether our political leadership is strong and able enough. And the buck stops with the president.

Does the president really believe, as he said at his recent press conference with Prime Minister Blair, that the Iraq war's greatest mistake was Abu Ghraib? Or was this just a way of ducking the question? After all, the damage done to the war effort by Abu Ghraib pales beside the damage done by not having enough troops in theater, by refusing to send additional troops, by wasting a year before beginning seriously to build up the Iraqi army, by the April 2004 aborted battle for Falluja, and the like.

Obviously the president wasn't going to say this. Fine. But does he understand it? Perhaps. It is heartening that he met last week, in private, with a group of diverse experts on Iraq, in order to get fresh points of view about the situation there. The president understands that this war isn't going to be won unless he ensures that it gets won. It won't get won if the president doesn't aggressively defend the honor of our soldiers and Marines. And it won't get won if we succumb to liberal hand-wringing, or indulge in conservative happy talk. But it must get won. Winning the wars this nation commits to is also the way we keep our honor clean.

—*William Kristol*

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Lowering the Bar

The corrupt ABA judicial evaluation process.

BY EDWARD WHELAN

IF THERE WERE A LIST of lawyers least suited to assess Brett Kavanaugh's fitness to serve as a judge on the D.C. Circuit, Marna Tucker would be very high on it. Tucker's narrow specialty, divorce law, is far removed, in both substance and sophistication, from the work of the federal appellate courts—especially from the complex cases of administrative law that are the staple of the D.C. Circuit. Even worse, Tucker could hardly pretend to be impartial towards Kavanaugh. A fervent gender activist and supporter of other left-wing causes, she is a longtime ally of those who have vituperated the conservative Kavanaugh on account of his work for Kenneth Starr's independent-counsel investigation and his service as White House lawyer and staff secretary under President George W. Bush.

After nearly three years of Democratic obstruction, Kavanaugh's nomination was recently confirmed by the Senate, and he has taken his seat on the D.C. Circuit. But the untold story of his recent treatment by the ABA's Committee on the Federal Judiciary, which rates all federal judicial nominees, deserves attention, for it illustrates a longstanding defect that periodically plagues the committee's evaluations of Republican nominees.

When President Bush first nominated Kavanaugh in July 2003, the ABA committee gave him its top overall rating of "well qualified" (with a "substantial majority"—10 to 13 of the 14 voting members—rating him "well qualified" and the remaining minority rating him "qualified"). When Kavanaugh was renominated in early 2005, the committee's supplemental evaluation yielded the same "well qualified" rating. Then, as the Senate's 2005 session was wrapping up, Democratic leadership in the Senate, in a curious move, insisted that Kavanaugh's nomination, alone among all the pending judicial nominations, be sent back to the White House. The Democrats' insistence seemed at the time peevish, requiring President Bush to go through the formality of renominating Kavanaugh in January 2006. Little noticed was the fact that, under the ABA committee's practices, the renomination would trigger yet another supplemental evaluation of Kavanaugh.

There was every reason to expect the ABA's 2006 supplemental evaluation to be routine, as its purpose was simply to cover the one-year period since the previous rating. But a key fact had changed over that year: Tucker had been assigned to the ABA committee as the member responsible for the D.C. Circuit. Instead of focusing on the previous year—the only period of time not covered in the earlier evaluations—Tucker launched a scorched-earth review of Kavanaugh's entire career. She conducted 91 witness interviews—far more than the 55 that underlay the original 2003 evaluation—but showed little interest in witnesses identified by Kavanaugh. When ABA judiciary committee chairman Stephen Tober discovered (in his words) that "this was a nominee that Ms. Tucker was spending a considerable amount of time on," he did not rein her in but instead enlisted a second committee member—liberal civil-rights activist John Payton—to assist her.

Kavanaugh's relations with the previous D.C. Circuit member—also a Democratic woman—had been cordial and professional. In sharp contrast—according to administration officials whom Kavanaugh spoke with at the time—Tucker and Payton were adversarial and partisan when they interviewed Kavanaugh. Tucker criticized the White House for ending the ABA committee's privileged role in reviewing judicial candidates before they were formally nominated. Tucker and Payton displayed a bizarre interest in an internal Senate dispute (not involving Kavanaugh) that arose in late 2003 after a Republican staffer discovered on a shared computer directory a Democratic strategy memo that urged that a Sixth Circuit nominee be stonewalled in order to affect the outcome of the University of Michigan racial-preferences cases pending in that court. And Payton, who had argued those same cases in the Supreme Court in 2003, tried to probe what part Kavanaugh had played in the White House's formulation of the administration's position in those cases.

Returning from the interview, Kavanaugh told his White House colleagues that Tucker's conduct of the interview deeply concerned him. Fortunately for Kavanaugh, his strong record and the previous ratings he had received from the ABA committee made it difficult for Tucker to do him serious damage. Her evaluation reduced his overall rating from "well qualified" to "qualified" (with a minority of the committee still finding him well qualified), but even that rating meant that he had met the committee's "very high standards with respect to integrity, professional competence and judicial temperament."

But the ABA committee and Tucker weren't through with Kavanaugh. Responding to hyperbolic Democratic rhetoric about Kavanaugh's downgrade, Tober took the extraordinary step of submitting to the Senate Judi-

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ciary Committee a statement that presented, in isolation and without attribution, the committee's supposed dirt on Kavanaugh. And Tober and Tucker supplemented this statement in a telephone conference with senators and staffers.

One witness, Tober explained, had charged that Kavanaugh had "dissembled" in an oral argument. And (among a few other criticisms) several witnesses, all supposedly using the same word, had characterized Kavanaugh's White House work as "insulated." Tober and Tucker asserted that, consistent with their committee's policies, Kavanaugh had been informed of all negative items and had been given a full opportunity to answer them.

The ABA's disclosures, and the manner in which they were presented, astounded Kavanaugh and his advisers. Tucker had never told him the incendiary charge about having "dissembled" in court, he explained to White House colleagues. Had he heard it, he pointed out compellingly, he certainly would have tried to learn more about it from Tucker in order to dispute it. And, indeed, it appears that in the original charge the term "dissembled" was misused. Questioned in the telephone conference about the charge, Tucker stated that the "quote was 'He did not handle the case well as an advocate; he was not forceful, and when he dissembled, he did not argue his case clearly.'" The quoted statement makes little sense: It would be peculiar to criticize dissembling (a form of lying) merely for its effect on clarity, rather than as an intrinsic evil. Tucker herself, according to an unpublished transcript of the telephone conference, interpreted the charge merely to mean that Kavanaugh "did not respond appropriately" to questions. But Kavanaugh was never given a chance to contest the charge. And Senate Democrats, handed the ammunition by Tober and Tucker, profligately highlighted the "dissembling" charge to impugn Kavanaugh's integrity.

As for the charge that Kavanaugh's White House experience was "insulated": It was clear to Kavanaugh that Tucker herself was committed to that view. She even ignorantly insisted that, as staff secretary overseeing the full range of executive-branch decisions, he was exposed only to a "very narrow band" of views.

With hindsight, only a naïf would believe that Tucker and Senate Democrats did not work together to engineer the return of Kavanaugh's nomination in December 2005. The most sensible hypothesis is that Tucker signaled that she was well positioned to inflict damage on Kavanaugh—and that sending the nomination back to the White House would enable her to do so through a supplemental evaluation. Why else would Senate Democrats have insisted on sending the nomination back?

It would be peculiar to criticize dissembling (a form of lying) merely for its effect on clarity, rather than as an intrinsic evil.

The bigger question is why a highly partisan divorce lawyer was ever appointed to the committee in the first place. The sitting ABA president, during his one-year term, has plenary authority to fill the five or so vacancies that arise each year. (The committee chairman and the 14 other members serve staggered three-year terms.) With the ABA's transformation over the last few decades from an apolitical professional organization into a liberal interest group, ABA presidents and the bar activists who vie for influential ABA positions have trended leftwards. Current ABA president Michael S. Greco, a zealous liberal, presumably selected Tucker because of, not in spite of, her partisan credentials.

Tober's role in Tucker's excesses is also significant. Under the committee's procedures, the chairman and the circuit member who conducts the investigation have extraordinary practical clout in shaping the views of the other committee members, as they prepare the report that goes to the full committee. That Tober did not try to restrain Tucker, but instead teamed her up with another liberal activist, suggests a woeful inattention on his part to partisan conflicts of interest.

Not coincidentally, Tober recently oversaw the committee's remarkable "not qualified" rating of Fifth Circuit nominee Michael B. Wallace, a highly respected attorney and former Supreme Court law clerk for the late William Rehnquist. In 1987, when Wallace served on the board of the Legal Services Corporation, Tober presented strikingly intemperate testimony to an LSC committee that Wallace chaired. Opposing a proposed regulation to require that boards receiving LSC funds have bipartisan membership (as does the LSC itself), Tober flamboyantly accused Wallace of attempting to "fashion a political bias litmus test" and of having a "hidden agenda," and he vowed to disobey the regulation if it became law.

The transcript of Tober's testimony, which also includes a number of loopy constitutional arguments, makes one wonder why Tober has any role in evaluating judicial nominees. It's even more disturbing that he would not see fit to recuse himself from reviewing the nomination of Wallace, for whom he plainly bears a strong animus.

Perhaps Tober will provide a persuasive explanation for the committee's negative rating of Wallace. But one lesson from the Kavanaugh process is that Tober's explanations should not be accepted at face value. In any event, it's long past time for the ABA to take serious steps to ensure the selection of committee members who will not let political bias infect their evaluations of judicial nominees. Absent such steps, the Senate Judiciary Committee should deprive the ABA committee of the privileged status it has long been accorded. ♦

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Merger and Acquisition

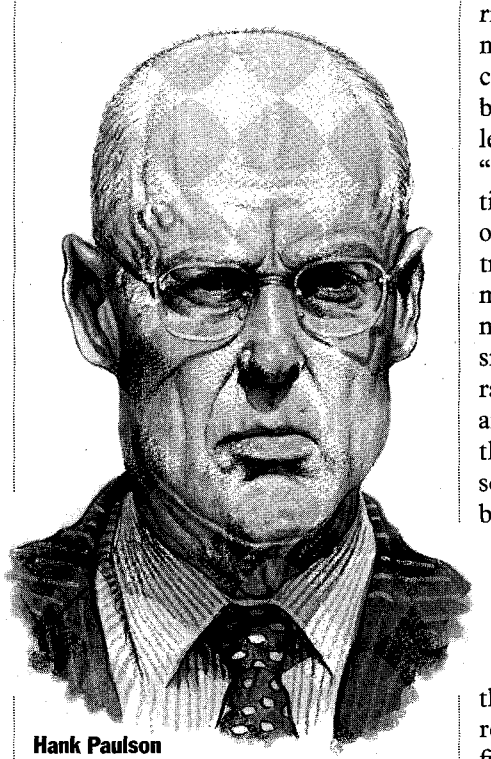
The Bush administration lands a heavyweight for treasury secretary. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

IN MOST MERGERS it is easy to distinguish the acquirer from the acquired. Not in last week's highly publicized merger of Goldman Sachs and the White House. For the last two months, day-to-day operational control of the White House has been in the hands of a Goldman Sachs alumnus, Joshua Bolten, Bush's chief of staff. And now responsibility for economic policy has gone to Hank Paulson, who as secretary of the treasury will trade a $40 million salary as Goldman's boss for one so small it won't be even a rounding error in his personal financial statement.

Still, George W. Bush retains the title of president and in the end will set the culture and policies of the newly merged Goldman Sachs-White House firm.

This is not the first time that these two leading firms have come together. Bill Clinton, who preceded Bush as the nation's CEO, wooed Bob Rubin from Goldman to the White House and then treasury, a merger that proved successful both for USA, Inc., which grew steadily, and for Rubin, whose reputation survived association with a standard of morality that would most definitely not have been tolerated at Goldman.

But beyond all this levity, the appointment of Paulson is important for several reasons. From the president's point of view, it shows that talk of the death of his administration is more than a bit premature. Washington was rife with rumors that the treasury job was going begging, that no senior figure would take it, and that Bush would be forced to hand it to still another administration salesman.



Hank Paulson

The rumors were wrong. Paulson did take some persuading, but then a top Wall Street figure who has built a powerhouse financial firm would naturally be reluctant to leave the scene of his success. And there is no way that Paulson would have accepted a role subordinate to White House staff and agreed to act merely as a spokesman for, rather than a shaper of, the administration's economic policies.

So now the economic business of the nation is in the hands of heavyweights. Ben Bernanke at the Federal Reserve Board and his recently appointed vice chairman, Don Kohn, will provide professional and thoughtful guidance to monetary policy. Hank Paulson will add some sense and coherence to tax, trade, and environmental—yes, environmental—policy, as well as a firm voice when it comes to managing the next financial crisis.

Make no mistake, there will be a crisis. The merger deals that have brought smiles to the faces and millions to the coffers of investment bankers are so highly leveraged that a rise in interest rates could bring down many firms. New, complicated financial instruments have made many banks' risk-measurement tools obsolete. What Alan Greenspan terms the "unconscionable" inability of derivatives traders to introduce the technology needed to keep track of their trades is creating risks of unknowable magnitude. Add the volatility of commodity and share prices, and the possibility of steady increases in interest rates as inflation rears its ugly head, and there is ample reason to worry that there will be a crisis of some sort—not necessarily one that will bring the banking system down, as the self-styled economic geniuses who piloted Long Term Capital Management almost succeeded in doing in 1998, but one that will require both reassuring words from the treasury steps and a treasury secretary able to persuade all of the financial market's players to do their bit to right the boat.

There are other areas in which Paulson can be expected to make his authority felt. Remember: This is the man who did indeed herd cats at Goldman Sachs. He used tough talk to keep the firm's traders and investment bankers, who cordially despise each other, from tearing the firm apart. He is not likely to be cowed by the White House staffers who delight in devouring cabinet officers for breakfast.

Start with China. The Chinese know that they have to move their economy from one completely dependent on exports to one that relies in

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Illustration by Drew Friedman

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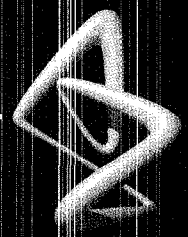

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greater measure on domestic consumption. They know, too, that their banks are bust, and that capital is being allocated to inefficient firms for political reasons. And they certainly know that their policy of undervaluing the yuan is unsustainable, both because of the political pressures it is creating in America and because it is creating inflationary pressures at home.

What the Chinese can't figure out is how to dismount the tiger they are riding—an undervalued currency, more and more exports to create jobs to placate the millions leaving the farms for the cities—without being devoured by it. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that Paulson, who used his 70 trips to China since 1990 to become pals with a succession of Chinese leaders, has the authority and knowledge to help the Chinese move to a more sustainable model of economic development, holding off protectionists in Congress long enough to get the job done.

Then there is the environment, a policy area in which the Bush administration is in something of a time warp. No honest person can with certainty assert that global warming is a threat. But any responsible person can see that the evidence is sufficient to suggest that it might be, and that some action to contain emissions of greenhouse gases is an insurance policy worth having. Paulson is Wall Street's greenest titan, chairman of the Nature Conservancy, a bird-watcher, an advocate of a greenhouse gas emissions trading system for the United States and of mandatory curbs on emissions if voluntary action proves inadequate. At Goldman, he allocated $1 billion for investment in renewable energy and energy-saving projects. He is likely to make his voice heard in an administration that is said to be ready to move from its justifiable opposition to the Kyoto treaty to more positive proposals for emissions reduction.

We can't, of course, note the coming of Paulson without commenting on the notion that treasury secretaries who hail from Wall Street favor a strong dollar policy, since they are concerned with preserving the value of the dollar-denominated assets of their clients. Paulson is different: He is on record as favoring a gradual decline in the greenback. Besides, it is the market, not men—not even men of Paulson's skill and stature—that sets exchange rates. So long as America continues to run a trade deficit that is now on the order of 7 percent of GDP, the dollar will weaken. Not suddenly, but steadily. It is only if Paulson can bring the Chinese around to the administration's view as to what constitutes fair trade that he will be able to add to the dollar's strength. And that won't happen soon, and certainly not in a single bound.

Finally, Paulson can be counted on to steady the president's hand as he reaches for his veto pen when the next wasteful spending bill hits his desk. So far, Bush has vetoed not even a single bill, no matter how profligate. Paulson is likely to change that and bring some fiscal discipline to administration policy. That should cheer those of the president's core supporters who are muttering about Lyndon Baines Bush.

There's more. But you get the idea. An administration not noted for the quality of its economic team now has one that would be difficult to improve upon. Paulson will speak to power from a position of power, for a Paulson resignation would be a wound from which the administration could not recover. Not a bad change in the structure of power in the Bush administration. ♦

Is Canada Next?

Time to look at the northern border.

BY ARNOLD BEICHMAN

THE CANADIAN Security Intelligence Service has just issued this warning: There is an increasing threat from what Canada's CIA calls "home-grown terrorists" living in communities across Canada. And presumably awaiting orders.

The warning came from Jack Hooper, CSIS deputy director of operations, in May 29 testimony before a Canadian Senate defense committee. He told the committee that, since 2001, some 20,000 immigrants from the Afghanistan/Pakistan region have entered Canada. And said Hooper in what passes for Canadian understatement: "We're in a position to vet one-tenth of those. That may be inadequate."

What that means for the United States is obvious. Our northern border must be guarded more closely than ever before in history. Indeed, it has been, for a century, an unarmed, unpoliced border.

Hooper said, according to CBC News, that young Canadians with immigrant backgrounds are: (1) becoming radicalized through the Internet and (2) seeking targets within Canada itself, not abroad.

"They are virtually indistinguishable from other youth," said Hooper. "They blend in very well to our society, they speak our language and they appear to be—to all intents and purposes—well assimilated. They look to Canada to execute their targeting."

Hooper pointed out that the men responsible for the London 2005 subway bombings were from immigrant families. He testified ominously: "I can tell you that all of the circumstances that led to the London transit bombings, to take one example, are resident here and now in Canada."

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A Canadian resident, trained in Afghanistan and at one time living in Vancouver, British Columbia, played a key role in the August 1998 al Qaeda attack on the U.S. Embassy in Nairobi. He was the one who trained the embassy bombers.

Even more ominous was Hooper's admission that the CSIS could vet only about one-tenth of the immigrants from Afghanistan and Pakistan. In other words, apart from bare details, which themselves may be spurious, Canada knows nothing—not even current addresses—of approximately 18,000 immigrants from that part of the world who have arrived just in the last five years. According to a report in the Toronto *National Post*, Hooper admitted that his agency was troubled about its inability to track these immigrants.

That Canada may be a terrorist target is a distinct possibility. Canada has about 2,300 soldiers deployed in Afghanistan on a mission that was recently extended until 2009. And as Hooper noted in his testimony, "Canada has been named on several occasions as one of six Western 'target countries' by al Qaeda leaders, most recently last summer."

But there is now a new and startling concern: Canadian-born fanatics, whose numbers are on the rise. Said Hooper about these nontraditional votaries of Islamist terrorism: "We have cases of white, Anglo-Saxon Protestants converting to the most radical form of Islam. These are people who blend in with us and our neighbors." Hooper said the CSIS does a good job at containing threats it uncovers, but what about those threats it does not uncover?

"We stay up at night," he said, "worrying about the threats we don't know about, and we always used to work on a ratio of ten to one. For every one we knew, there were probably ten out there we didn't. I worry that the ratio has increased."

A new and conservative government rules Canada today. The U.S.-Canada border should be a top priority on the binational agenda when both sides meet again. ♦

Assad State of Affairs

Syria's dictatorship survives to fight another day.

BY DAVID SCHENKER

When Hafez al-Assad was president-for-life of Syria, Washington overlooked the misdeeds of his Baathist dictatorship because it always seemed the brass ring of a comprehensive Arab-Israeli peace deal was just around the corner. Now that Assad is dead and his son Bashar nears the six-year mark of his own rule, Washington is again in effect tolerating the Baathist dictatorship. This time, the explanation is that not peace, but war is just around the corner—in Iraq. With so much on the administration's Middle East agenda, Syria seems poised once more to escape penalty from Washington.

If mere condemnations could kill, Syria would long since be in the morgue. Last week, the State Department spokesman denounced Syria for its heavy-handed treatment of political reformers. In mid-May, U.N. ambassador John Bolton criticized Syria for refusing to recognize the independence of Lebanon. Before that, the administration censured Damascus for its sponsorship of the Palestinian Islamic Jihad, which had orchestrated yet another bloody attack in Israel.

The most frequent U.S. complaint these days concerns Syrian mischief in Iraq. Even before the U.S. invasion began in March 2003, the administration was condemning Damascus for shipping military materiel to Saddam. Recent complaints have centered on the transit of jihadists through Syria to Iraq, and on Syria's provision of safe haven to insurgent leaders. In 2005, Washington went a step further, accusing Damascus of maintaining training camps for Iraqi insurgents, an affront so egregious that the American ambassador to Iraq, Zalmay Khalilzad, warned publicly that "U.S. patience with Syria [was] running out."

But criticism rolls off Assad's back, and it has not been accompanied by measures compelling Syria to change its behavior. Whether Washington has been unwilling or unable to extract a real price from Syria, the effect is the same: Damascus believes it has dodged the bullet. The regime of Bashar Assad appears more confident than at any time since 2003.

To be sure, the administration has tried to ratchet up pressure. But its policy has suffered from inconsistency, even ambivalence. The Syria Accountability Act, requiring the president to choose from an array of sanctions, provides a good illustration. In 2002, the administration balked at signing this legislation, fearing that sanctions would prompt Damascus to stop cooperating with Washington on al Qaeda. But in 2003, the president did sign it into law—and the very same week, a new ambassador was dispatched to Damascus after a hiatus of four months. The timing no doubt sent a mixed message to the Syrians, taking the sting out of the law.

U.S. ambivalence has also been evident in the willingness to dialogue with President Assad even as Syria was contributing to rising American casualties in Iraq. The administration inexplicably spent three years trying to convince Assad that Syrian interests would be served by more moderate policies. Between 2003 and 2005

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the Departments of State, Defense, Treasury, and the National Security Council dispatched five senior delegations to Damascus to cajole, and later warn, President Assad that there would be consequences for continued Syrian meddling in Iraq and support for terrorism. These discussions only succeeded in alleviating pressure on the regime by delaying the imposition of tougher measures. Adding insult to injury, these trips, though the emissaries delivered blunt messages, were publicly spun by Syrian officials as "breakthroughs" in Syrian-U.S. relations.

The Bush administration's only real policy successes on Syria have come at the United Nations. Since 2004, the administration has orchestrated a series of Security Council resolutions that have proved devastating to Syrian interests. First and foremost, Resolution 1559 called for an end to the decades-long Syrian presence in Lebanon and the disarming of Hezbollah, while Resolutions 1595 and 1636 established a U.N.-led investigation into the 2005 assassination of former Lebanese prime minister Rafik Hariri and demanded cooperation from Syria, almost certainly a central player in the killing.

After Hariri's murder, it seemed that all the stars were aligned to lower the boom on Damascus. Not only were the appropriate U.N. resolutions in place, but the assassination spurred a rapprochement between the United States and France in opposition to Syria. Alas, to date the administration has been unable to capitalize on this multilateral moment. The final U.N. report on the Hariri murder is due this month, but absent any smoking gun Assad and company may again emerge unscathed.

In practice, since 2005, the administration's moves against Syria have been largely unilateral: terrorist designations of Syrian officials, for example, and provision of financial support to Syrian reformers. The administration did implement Patriot Act Section 311 sanctions against the Commercial Bank of Syria, requiring U.S. banks to cease dealings with the Syrian bank. While these are arguably the most severe sanctions ever leveled against the Syrians, most unilateral actions have had only a marginal effect.

Indeed, in the three years since the administration chose to ratchet up pressure, Syrian behavior on key issues has seen only incremental change.

On Iraq, Syria reinforced its border and modified visa-entry procedures, making jihadi transit a little more difficult. Yet, according to administration officials, insurgent leaders continue to reside in Syrian safe havens orchestrating operations in Iraq.

On Lebanon, despite the withdrawal of Syrian troops, Damascus remains a significant player and is suspected of involvement in several post-Hariri political murders. Syria continues to support Palestinian terrorist organizations, and arms shipments from Tehran to Hezbollah via Damascus transit Syria unmolested.

After years of threats and condemnations, what has Washington really accomplished with regard to Damascus? Precious little. Syria continues to undermine several strategic U.S. goals in the region, particularly in Iraq, Palestine, and Lebanon. What's more, in the process, Syria is damaging U.S. credibility in the region.

A few examples provide clarity: In 2001 Secretary of State Colin Powell traveled to Damascus to win assurances that Syria would stop illegally importing oil from Iraq. Powell declared victory, but one year later illegal oil imports were up by 50,000 barrels per day. The affronts continued in 2003, when the Syrian government authorized buses to transport military-aged males to Iraq (departing from Damascus Fair Grounds) to fight U.S. forces.

More recently, U.S. credibility has been undercut by Syria's blatant obstruction of the U.N. investigation into Hariri's death. Indeed, on the day the second report was issued, Gibran Tueni—a prominent Lebanese journalist, member of parliament, and leading critic of Syria—was assassinated, also probably by the Syrians.

Finally, there is the issue of Syria's stance on Washington's Middle East democracy-promotion agenda. In the face of the February 2006 U.S. pledge to provide $5 million to Syrian reformers, Syria has embarked on a crackdown against civil society, arresting dozens of reformers. One individual of whom the regime has made an example is Kamal Labwani. Labwani was arrested in November 2005 following his return from Washington, where he had met with senior administration officials responsible for democracy promotion. President Bush mentioned Labwani in a speech after his arrest. Four months later, Labwani was charged with crimes that carry the death penalty. Implementation of this sentence hangs in the balance.

U.S. inaction on all of these fronts has given Damascus the distinct impression that Washington lacks firmness of purpose. In turn, this has given the Syrians a new lease on life in Lebanon and has rejuvenated the regime's dealings with Palestinian terrorists. If Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's most recent visit to Damascus (in January) is any indication, it also appears to have been a catalyst for a reinvigorated relationship with Iran. Judging from the recent Syrian crackdown on internal democratic opposition, Assad also remains undeterred by U.S. efforts to support reformers in his backyard.

Most troubling, though, is that aside from some cosmetic changes, Syria continues to lend support to the Iraqi insurgency. Objectively, it would seem that Syria has run the U.S. table.

Despite the administration's rhetorical campaign against Syria, Washington is in no rush to up the ante with Damascus. Which is just fine with the Assads, who have been playing for time for three decades. The sad reality is that with just over 900 days to go and attention focused on Iran, Iraq, and Hamas, the clock is running out for the Bush administration's Syria policy. Of course, this is how Assad planned it. Hunkered down in Damascus, the Baathist regime intends to wait out yet another president. Regrettably, if the past five years are any guide, it will succeed. ♦

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Governor in Chief

Jeb Bush's remarkable eight years of achievement in Florida

By Fred Barnes

Tallahassee

If only his last name were Smith. He'd not only attract national attention as the popular and successful governor of a difficult-to-govern state. He'd be viewed sympathetically as a leader who had dealt with family issues—his wife's aversion to politics, his daughter's bouts with drug addiction—without losing his grip on the governorship. And he'd be the prohibitive frontrunner for the Republican presidential nomination in 2008.

But his last name is Bush. So Jeb Bush, nearing the end of his eight years as governor of Florida, has to settle for being the best governor in America. Not *proclaimed* the best governor by the media and the political community. But recognized as the best by a smaller group: governors who served with him and experts and think-tank and conservative policy wonks who regard state government as something other than a machine for taxing and spending.

Why is Jeb Bush the best? It's very simple. His record is the best. No other governor, Republican or Democrat, comes close. Donna Arduin, perhaps the most respected state budget expert in the country, has worked for four big-state Republican governors—John Engler of Michigan, George Pataki of New York, Arnold Schwarzenegger of California, and Bush. Even while she worked for Schwarzenegger, she told me Bush is "absolutely" the nation's premier governor. "He's principled, brilliant, willing to ignore his pollsters, and say no to his friends," she says.

Engler, now head of the National Association of Manufacturers, knows Jeb Bush well and has watched the course of his governorship. He says flatly: "Jeb Bush is the finest governor in the country." Jim Gilmore, the ex-governor of Virginia, declines to rank governors. But he says Bush, as governor of a big state, "had a big challenge and he met it."

Fred Barnes is executive editor of The Weekly Standard *and author of* Rebel-in-Chief, *about the presidency of George W. Bush.*

In a state with a surging population, Bush has presided over a booming economy with the highest rate of job creation in the country and an unemployment rate of 3.0 percent (the national average is 4.6 percent). Florida has no state income tax, but Bush has nonetheless found a way to cut taxes every year of the eight he's been in office. Meanwhile, he's trimmed the state employment rolls by 11,000.

"Politics is a game for risk takers," says Mike Murphy, a political strategist for Bush and other governors, including Mitt Romney of Massachusetts and Schwarzenegger. And Bush is an extraordinary risk taker and innovator. He's made Florida, in the jargon of bipartisan experts, a "laboratory of democracy." He's mined state and local think tanks for ideas that might streamline state government and make it more effective.

He's the first governor to impose stringent testing and accountability on Florida elementary and secondary schools, along with three voucher programs, the most ambitious of which was struck down this year by the (liberal and majority Democratic) state supreme court. This achievement went beyond the No Child Left Behind program of his brother, President Bush, who dropped vouchers in a compromise with Democrats in 2001.

On health care, no governor has attacked Medicaid, whose costs are swamping state budgets, more boldly than Bush. He wangled a breathtakingly broad waiver from the federal Department of Health and Human Services to privatize Medicaid in two populous counties, Duval (Jacksonville) and Broward (Fort Lauderdale). The new program, affecting more than 200,000 Medicaid recipients, goes into effect July 1.

Two more things. Bush, after handling eight hurricanes and four tropical storms in 14 months in 2004 and 2005, has become the undisputed national leader in emergency management. Imagine if he had been governor of Louisiana when Katrina hit last summer. Does anyone doubt that the recovery would have gone far, far better with Bush in charge?

A key to success as a governor is forceful political leadership. Bush, in fact, has been the dominant figure

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in the Republican party in Florida since 1994, when he lost his first bid for governor to Democrat Lawton Chiles. That allowed his brother George, who won an upset victory for governor of Texas the same year, to get a leg up on Jeb in pursuit of the presidency.

But Jeb Bush has turned out to be the superior governor of the two. He's the most powerful chief executive in Florida in modern times and has had a positive impact on the state in almost every conceivable way—economically, fiscally, educationally, politically, and the list could go on and on. Bush says Florida is a "purple" state, a mixture of Republican red and Democratic blue. But when he departs Tallahassee for his hometown of Miami next January 1, he will leave Republicans in a vastly stronger position than they dreamed possible when he took office in 1999.

Democrats in Florida oppose many of Bush's policies, but they recognize his clout. "In this state, he is *the guy*," House Democratic leader Dan Gelber told Wil S. Hylton of *GQ* magazine. "Everybody else is not even in the ballpark. He's a rock star."

His popularity, too, has remained at an impressive level. In a Quinnipiac survey last month in Florida, his job approval was 55 percent, while President Bush's was in the mid-30s. "How can a governor in his eighth year in a competitive state have an approval rating of 55 percent?" asks Quinnipiac analyst Peter Brown. "It's pretty remarkable. Jeb dominates Florida politics even in his eighth year."

Jeb Bush, however, will not be a candidate for president in 2008. For months now, he's made that plain to everyone who asks, including me. Plus, "he's not making any moves" to run, strategist Murphy says. "It isn't the time or the year or the environment."

Nor is Bush likely to accept an offer to be the vice presidential running mate of the Republican presidential nominee, though he'd be a smart choice. After Senator John McCain, the Republican frontrunner in 2008, visited Bush here this spring, rumors of a deal spread: Bush would back McCain for the nomination in exchange for being his vice presidential pick. As far as I can tell, that's not true.

Bush, though, had extremely kind words for McCain when I talked to him a few weeks after his session with the Arizona senator. "I like McCain," he said. "I like the fact that he doesn't like pork. I'm upset with Washington and this passionate defense of overspending, as though there's a clamoring in the land to do this."

Bush had one piece of advice for McCain. It went like this: "Really try to relate to the [Republican] base. Our base is really the heartbeat of America. Make an effort to understand what their aspirations are and to show respect to them. . . . Those are people of faith, middle-class people, small business owners. I think sometimes the people in Washington just kind of forget who gets them elected."

There's no chance Jeb Bush will come to Washington, either, especially to work for his brother. "I'm not a big Washington guy," he says. "I just compare it with what goes on in the state capital. It seems much less productive and more bitter." Besides, Jeb and his brother have had a rivalry for years. During a discussion of policy ideas after George Bush was elected Texas governor, George interrupted Stephen Goldsmith, who'd lost a campaign for governor of Indiana, to nick Jeb. "You'd like my brother," he said. "You both forgot you have to win before you can govern."

Friends of Jeb compare him favorably with his brother, but they're wary of doing it on the record. One former Republican governor insisted that Jeb Bush "is far more gifted than his brother or his father," the elder President Bush. A consultant who knows both Jeb and George says, "Jeb is excellent and George is above average."

The conventional wisdom is that Jeb is the smart one who thinks through issues, and George is merely savvy and acts on instinct. That's a media myth. Both think a lot before they act. And they agree on many things. Jeb Bush has visited Iraq and backs the policy there. He agrees with his brother on immigration and taxes and so on.

But there are significant differences, so many that conservative activist Grover Norquist says, "Jeb Bush is adopted." There's no "genetic mix" with his father or his brother, according to Norquist. He is joking, of course, to highlight the ideological gap between Jeb and the Bush family. Jeb Bush is a small government conservative. He was feted in Washington in 2003 by the libertarian Cato Institute and talks about having a "libertarian gene." President Bush has no such gene. He's what I call a strong government conservative and others refer to as a big government conservative. True, President Bush is closer ideologically to President Reagan than to his father, a moderate. But Jeb Bush is closer to Reagan than his brother is.

Jeb has vetoed hundreds of spending measures. His friends are not immune to his veto knife. Bush and Mel Martinez were good friends in 1999 when Martinez, then an Orange County (Orlando) official and now a U.S. senator, got the legislature to approve funding for a transportation project. Bush "vetoed the damn thing," Martinez says. "He's legendary for that. He does it to his

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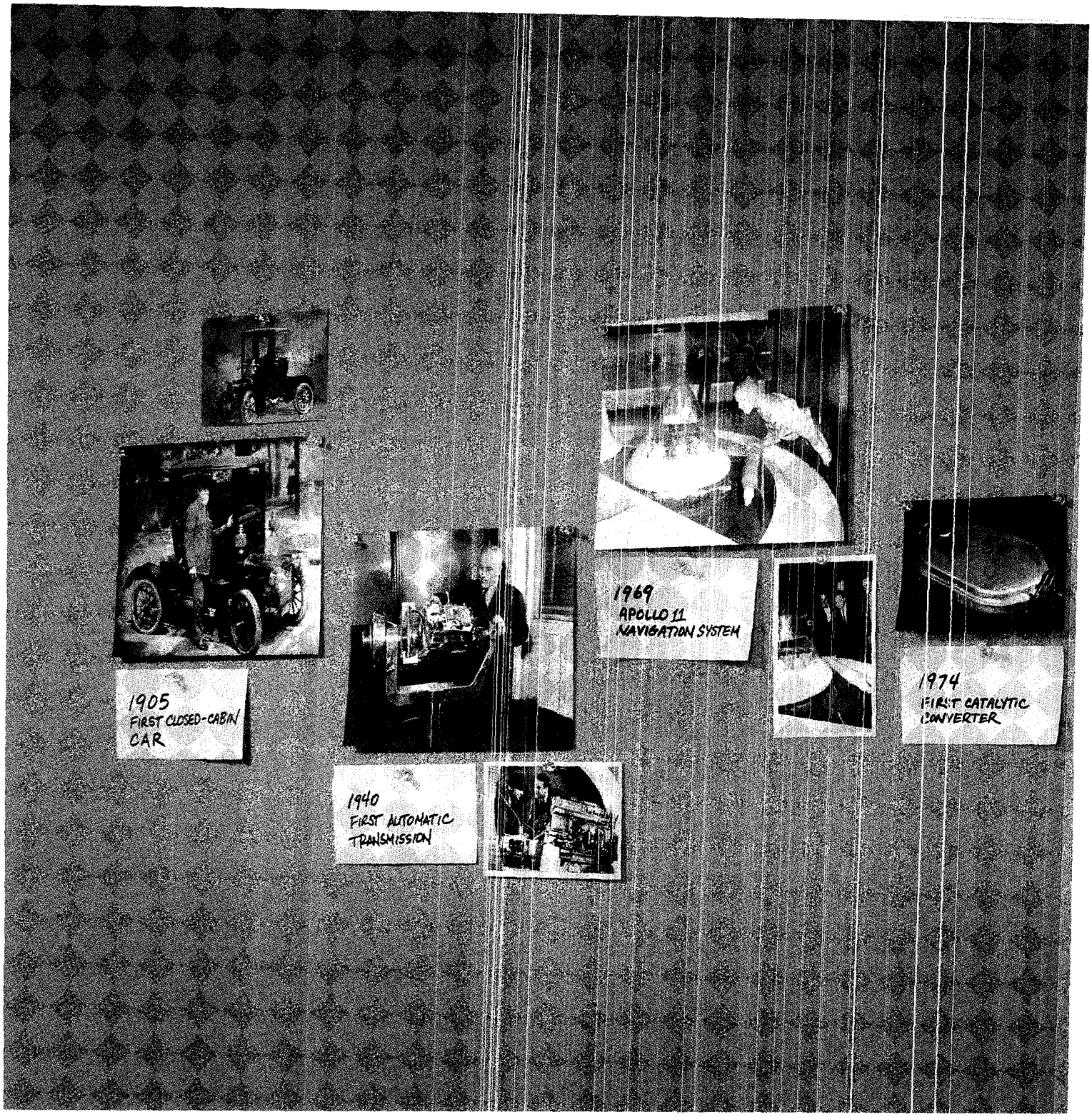

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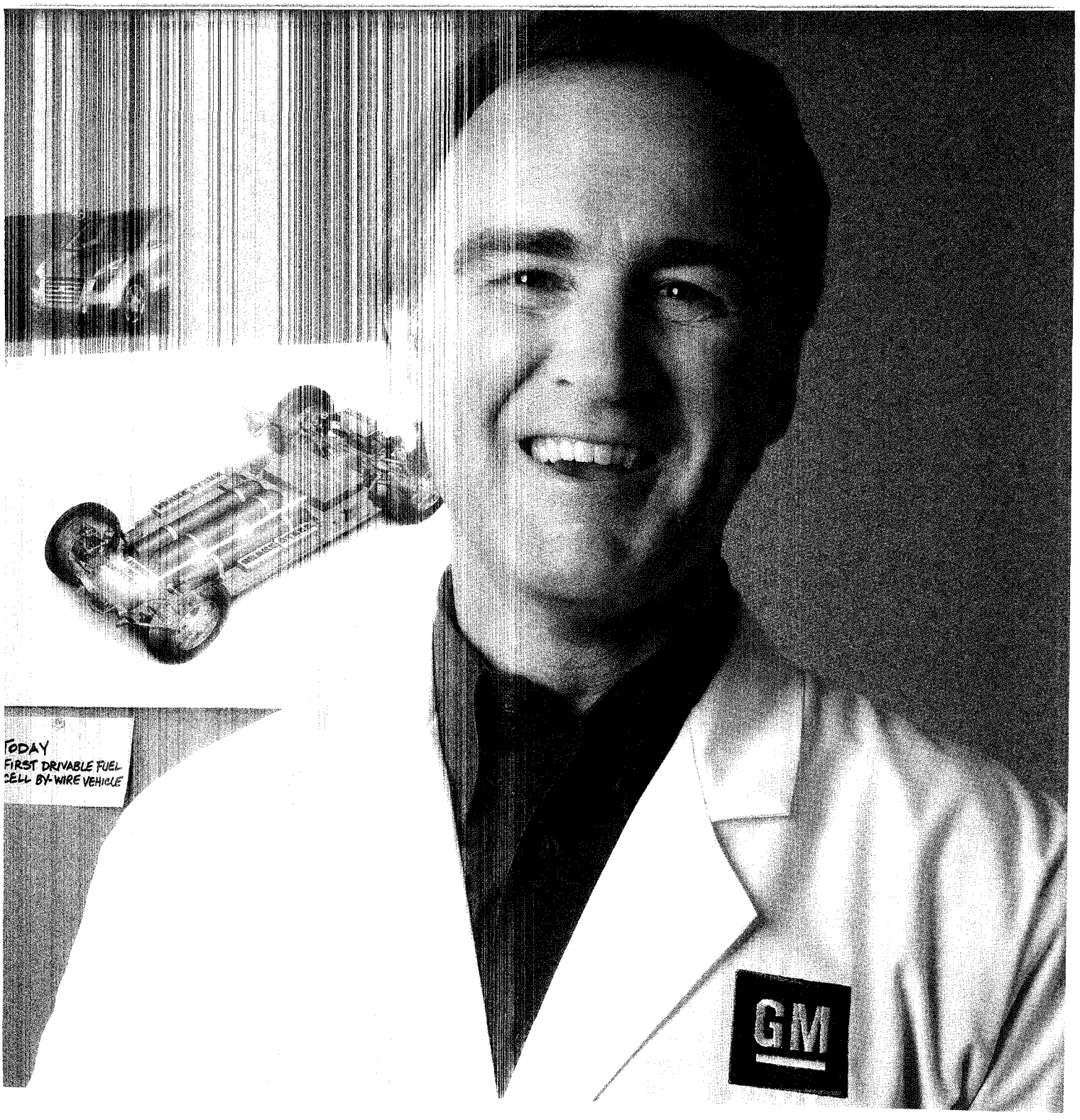

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best friends." In contrast, President Bush is legendary for *not* vetoing a single spending bill.

While President Bush is a visionary, Jeb Bush is a policy wonk with a flair for details and has been for years. Brian Yablonski, then a law student, volunteered to help Bush during his wilderness years between the 1994 and 1998 elections. His first assignment was to collect Republican Governors Association policy papers and analyze them for Bush.

"A lot of people criticize President Bush for not knowing the ins and outs of government," Quinnipiac's Brown says. "They'd never say that about Jeb." Rather, they talk about his command of the intricacies of policy. Stephen Moore, now with the *Wall Street Journal*, joined Bush at the emergency center here during a hurricane in 2004. Bush took time out for a chat, but not for small talk. "Let's talk about these education initiatives," he said.

Bush treats his aides and advisers in an unusual way for a governor: He actually listens to them, even defers to them. In 2003, he brought Frank Keating, who had just stepped down as governor of Oklahoma, to the capitol to talk about getting an agenda through a hostile legislature. Keating was impressed by Bush's humility, rare among politicians.

The governor and his staff sat around a table. After Keating spoke, a dialogue among Keating, Bush, and the aides occurred. Keating was amazed. When a top elected official is involved, "the hardest thing is to get a dialogue going," Keating says. "Most political leaders are monologue people."

Not Bush. He brought Alan Levine, his health adviser, to Washington with him last January to talk to reporters and health experts about Medicaid reform. He constantly deferred to Levine to amplify his plans. Grace-Marie Turner of the Galen Institute, a sponsor of the seminar, was awed. "Jeb Bush attracts good staff because they know they'll be listened to."

As a hands-on governor, Bush is a workaholic. He's a chronic emailer, sometimes sending hundreds in a day. Moore once got an email from Bush at 2 A.M. His aides tried to stop him from communicating too much and with too many people. They wanted to protect him from jotting down something that might later be used against him. "I'm not a protectable guy," Bush said. "Don't bother."

What will Bush do when he steps down? He says he doesn't know. "It dawned on me about a month ago that I have not taken 10 days off since I got married 32 years ago," he told me. "I got married on a Saturday, went back to work and school on Monday. Since that time I've not taken more than 10 days off."

Whatever he does in the short run will be easier than governing Florida. It's really four different states: the southeast coast (Miami, Palm Beach), the retiree-bloated southwest, the I-4 corridor across the center (Orlando), and northern Florida (Jacksonville) and the panhandle. Florida is a huge agricultural state, dependent on tourism and faced with an unrelieved flood of immigrants—all this plus hurricanes.

Bush has some distinct advantages, the biggest being an overwhelmingly Republican legislature that mostly goes along with his wishes. And in 2000, term limits on legislators clicked in, removing old bulls who might mount opposition to Bush. His personality is helpful, too. He is more like his genial father than his more judgmental mother.

From his 1994 election loss, he learned how to project his charm and likability. Defeat "made Jeb a better political leader," says Peter Schweizer, coauthor of *The Bushes: Portrait of a Dynasty* and a Tallahassee resident. "He was pretty cocky in '94. The loss humbled him and made him more effective and sympathetic."

Bush basically agrees. "I learned that you need to share who you are," he says. "I was young and idealistic and pretty fiery and full of what I thought were really interesting ideas. But most people kind of wanted to know who I was and what made me tick. That's not an easy thing for a Bush to do, by the way. Our upbringing was such that we're not supposed to share our emotions or who we are. That's kind of '90s, a newer thing. It took a little doing for me to get comfortable with it."

His governorship has hardly been trouble-free. In dismissing Bush as a mediocre "celebrity" governor, *Time* magazine said "at times, basic competence has been an issue" for him. This is nonsense. *Time* may have been blinded by its distaste for Bush's conservatism and his last name. "My guess is that I'm one of the three or four most conservative governors in the country," he says. He's not only a limited government conservative, but a social and religious conservative as well. He converted to Catholicism a decade ago.

Bush has been zinged for his role in the 2000 presidential recount in Florida, but media examinations of the voting ratified George W. Bush's victory in the state. He tried and failed to put a school voucher referendum on the ballot this fall. His effort to include colleges in a "seamless K-20" system was unsuccessful. He fought a referendum to restrict school class size and lost. And there was the Terri Schiavo case.

Schiavo was a brain-damaged woman whose husband wanted to remove her feeding tube, thus starving her to death. Her parents sought to keep her alive, and Bush intervened in their behalf. The case touched off a nation-

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al controversy. Courts ruled in favor of the husband, and Terri Schiavo died.

"Do I have regrets?" Bush says. "I have regrets that she died. I don't have regrets standing on principle. . . . This was removing food and nourishment from a woman who did not have a living will, and I think it's appropriate to err on the side of life and not have a disregard for someone who is disabled. A lot of my friends have a different point of view." Senator Mel Martinez, for one, says Bush got more deeply involved in the case than he would have.

Conservatives obviously have few complaints about Bush beyond his opposition to offshore oil drilling in the Gulf of Mexico. Grover Norquist, who has tried to persuade Bush to run for president in 2008, groused that Bush hasn't anointed a successor as governor who shares his views. "It's a quibble, given he's the best governor in the country," says Norquist.

For sure, Bush's achievements exceed his failures. Let's review his record:

• Political leadership: Florida was a weak-governor state when Bush arrived. No more. It had cabinet government with six elected state officials besides the governor. Now the cabinet has been reduced to three members plus Bush, and power is not shared equally. Bush rules. He removed the bar association from a role in naming judges and now controls the selection process. He also eliminated the state board of regents, took control of the board of every public university, and gained the right to name the state education commissioner. And he's changed the policy debate from how much government can do to how much it should leave to the people and the free market. "That's his greatest effect," says Robert McClure of the Bush-friendly James Madison Institute in Tallahassee.

• The economy: It's bursting at the seams. Florida is no longer totally reliant on tourism, agriculture, and the retiree industry. Under Bush, Florida has become the fourth largest high-tech state. Its bond rating has been hiked to Triple A. The economy, in Bush's words, was "knocked for a jolt" by 9/11. He "went out to shamelessly promote" tourism, and state construction projects were accelerated. It worked. He stubbornly fought a high-speed train connecting Miami, Orlando, and Tampa. It was approved in a 2000 referendum, only to be rejected in 2004 at Bush's urging.

• Taxes: Bush has slashed $20 billion in taxes over eight years and enjoys the heartburn this gives the media and liberals. "I do love it," he says. "Prior to my arrival, there may have been a tax cut or two, but normally the way to solve problems was to raise taxes." This year, the legislature killed what Bush calls "the evil, insidious intangibles tax" on stocks and bonds. His tax cuts are all the more shocking in a state with no income tax but with a balanced budget requirement.

• Education: Bush's education reforms have been vindicated by scholarly studies. Jay Greene and Marcus Winters of the Manhattan Institute found testing to end social promotion in Florida schools had led to "substantial academic gains for low-performing schools." A Harvard study concluded the stigma of poor student performance and the threat of vouchers caused schools to improve. The test scores of African-American and poor students rose significantly. One example: The percentage of African-American fourth graders reading at grade level doubled to 56 percent from 1999 to 2005.

• Medicaid: Bush's bold experiment, due to begin in less than a month, has important national implications. In Broward and Duval counties, Medicaid recipients will choose among 19 insurance plans. The program provides incentives to change behavior by quitting smoking, seeking preventive care, and getting dental exams. The aim is not to cut the cost of Medicaid but to slow its staggering growth: Florida's Medicaid budget jumped from $7 billion in 1999 to $16 billion in 2006. If the Florida test succeeds, other states will follow.

• Hurricanes: Bush is regularly consulted by governors on how to handle natural disasters and emergencies. What does he tell them? "My advice has been to be humble but strong," he told me. "Emergencies are not about politics. . . . Giving transparent, clear information on a timely basis is expected because people are expecting strong leadership. I also have suggested that it is important to act decisively and worry about filling out the forms later."

That advice was sent to me when I tested Bush's habit of answering email. In my emailed note, I asked him two questions, about his advice to governors and his take on political dynasties. I'd been told he doesn't look kindly on dynasties, though his grandfather was a senator and his father and brother presidents.

"I don't think Americans buy into the dynasty scenario," he emailed back four and a half hours later. "I think you might be hearing that I am not big on talking about dynasties since I don't think they reflect the reason for my granddad, father, and brother's public service. It is not the motivating factor. There are no dinner table talks about it. There are no emails about it. There are [no] calls about it. It is not who we are."

What does this tell us about Bush's political future? We know he's not running for president in 2008. But what about 2012 or 2016? He seems disinclined. Unlike his brother, Jeb Bush is a man who left the family fold and succeeded splendidly in a state where the Bushes had never been ensconced. That alone is a remarkable personal achievement. And maybe it's achievement enough for Jeb Bush. ♦

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Ink the India Deal

Washington's relationship with New Delhi is too important for Congress to derail

By Tom Donnelly & Vance Serchuk

Will America's partnership with India fall victim to politics? The Bush administration's proposed agreement on civil nuclear cooperation with New Delhi—once predicted to win approval from Congress as early as June—is under a growing cloud. With the November midterm elections fast approaching, the legislative calendar crowded, and the White House weakened, the happy talk about a new relationship with India so much in evidence during President Bush's trip to South Asia this spring has receded, leaving in its place the realization that we could be in for yet another long, hard slog.

As Congress heads into the summer and the administration works damage control, the time is right to take a fresh look at the case for India—not just the nuclear deal but a strategic partnership generally—reminding ourselves why it is so important to pull off this power play.

The experience of the recent past has shown—even to the allegedly diehard unilateralists of the Bush administration—that the forces struggling against the Pax Americana are stronger and more resourceful than once imagined. In a world where terrorists act like great powers, and great powers are few and far between, the possibility of an alliance with a large, rising, free-market democracy with a serious martial tradition is one that should be seized.

The case for India, in short, is about more than the relationship between two great nations. It is the case for institutionalizing a certain kind of international order: what President Bush has called "a balance of power that favors freedom."

No matter when you date the beginning of the relationship, America and India got off on the wrong foot. The United States broke away from the British Empire just as South Asia was being conquered by it. A century and a half later, relations between Washington and postpartition Delhi got caught in the chill of the Cold War. Even after the Soviet collapse, relations with Delhi remained stagnant, dominated by the nonproliferation community and advocates of a "hyphenated" approach to India and Pakistan: Rather than engaging with each country on its merits, the United States adopted a relentlessly trilateral attitude toward the subcontinent during the 1990s.

The Clinton administration began to break this logjam in its final years, beginning with a dialogue between Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott and the Indian minister of external affairs, Jaswant Singh. At the time, Pakistan's burgeoning support for terrorist groups, its nuclear proliferation, abandonment of democracy, and client-patron relationship with the Taliban—the rap sheet of a rogue state—made the old pretense of equivalence harder to sustain.

Enter George W. Bush, whose presidential campaign in 2000 emphasized a renewed focus on great power relations in foreign policy and suggested a particular soft spot for India. Even so, nothing could have prepared Delhi for the charm offensive the new administration unleashed during its first eight months in office.

Robert Blackwill, one of Bush's foreign policy advisers from the campaign, was named ambassador, while a steady stream of senior officials dropped in to Delhi throughout the spring and summer of 2001. Jaswant Singh, who was favored in Washington with a long walk around the Rose Garden with the president, predicted that U.S.-Indian cooperation would result in "a totally new security regime." Bush was expected to visit India in late 2001 or early 2002.

The September 11 attacks disrupted those plans and might well have done deeper damage to the budding relationship, as the old balancing games with Pakistan threatened to reemerge. The mood further cooled after Islamist terrorists attacked the Indian parliament in December 2001, and there ensued several months of intensive, hair-raising diplomacy by the United States and Britain to prevent the outbreak of a nuclear war with Pakistan. Western demands during this period grated on Indian officials, and by the time the crisis had been defused, international attention was turning toward Iraq.

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And yet, away from the limelight, patient discussions with the Indians proceeded. And despite the tensions and disruptions, the geopolitical order that began to emerge in their wake actually accelerated the strategic convergence of Washington and Delhi in unexpected ways.

Consider the three overarching security challenges that the United States has stressed in the post-9/11 world: radical Islam, nuclear-armed rogue states, and the rise of China. These dangers also confront America's traditional allies, but in varying, mostly lesser, degrees. India is one of the few states to score the same trifecta as America.

Begin with the fact that more Indians have been killed by radical Islamists over the past decade than any other nationality. From the strike on the Indian parliament in 2001, which killed a dozen people and injured twice as many, to the bombings this spring in Varanasi, which killed 15 and injured more than 60, India is a frontline state in the war on terror.

India also has more than passing familiarity with the threat posed by rogue, terror-sponsoring states armed with weapons of mass destruction. Indian policymakers have watched as Pakistan, since acquiring its nuclear deterrent, has been emboldened in its strategy of sponsoring "third party" attacks against Delhi—safe in the knowledge that India can't retaliate conventionally without risking mutually assured destruction. More dramatically, the potential destabilization or radicalization of Pakistan—terrifying as it is for war planners in Washington to contemplate—represents a near-existential threat for planners in Delhi.

Finally, there's China. Before September 11, Beijing's rise was the most commonly cited rationale for closer ties to India. Critics have countered that it's premature, futile, or dangerous to believe that Delhi can be used as a balancer against the PRC. In fact, both claims are simplistic. Policymakers in Delhi want their country to take advantage of China's economic boom every bit as much as their colleagues in Washington. But at the same time, Indian strategists are concerned about China's military buildup, its growing regional influence, and its relentless global search for natural resources.

Granted, India isn't likely to sign up for an aggressive containment regime aimed at Beijing any time soon; but then, neither are we. Rather, India and the United States share an interest in encouraging China to become a stakeholder in an international system dominated by liberal democracies, while maneuvering to hedge against any challenges that Beijing might be tempted to mount.

Even so, cooperation between the United States and India is driven by more than just a calculus of shared dangers. It springs from shared political principles. As Indian strategist C. Raja Mohan has eloquently put it, India is "the single most important adherent of the Enlightenment in the non-Western world," representing "the triumph of the values of reason, cosmopolitanism, scientific progress, and individual freedom against great odds."

What's more, in contrast to world-weary Europeans, profoundly cynical of projects to remake the world, Indian policymakers often share Americans' faith in the universality of political liberalism. As a 2002 study commissioned by the Pentagon concluded from interviews with dozens of Indian civilian and military leaders, "Indians believe that as the only democracy in South Asia—and a highly successful 'democratic experiment'—they are the appropriate model for developing countries around the Indian Ocean basin."

India's location in the middle of a rough neighborhood also makes its population more likely to appreciate that the defense of freedom requires the taking up of arms. While Europeans have let their defense establishments go to seed, India is pressing ahead to develop a modern military capable of projecting power. Delhi already commands one of the best navies in Asia, not to mention the third largest air force and fourth largest army in the world.

Indeed, when it comes to questions of global power, India is moving in precisely the opposite direction from Europe. As Mohan has argued, "While Europe was the principal arena of conflict in the world, India could posture about the problems of deterrence, containment and the Cold War. The Europeans, in contrast, emphasized the centrality of defeating totalitarian ideologies. But today with the focus of the new war on terrorism being riveted on the Middle East and South Asia, India is far more sensitive to the complexities of the battle and the importance of imparting a resounding defeat to the forces of extremism and terrorism."

"India in the twenty-first century is a natural partner of the United States," said President Bush during his trip to Delhi in March, and it's easy to see why. But even if the desirability of a closer relationship between the world's two largest pluralistic, free-market democracies is a no-brainer, there's still the issue of how to make it happen.

The first comprehensive attempt at rapprochement by the Bush administration and its Indian counterparts came in 2004 and pledged Delhi and Washington to work together in four contentious areas: civilian space programs, high-technology trade, missile defense, and civilian nuclear energy. This was followed in July 2005 by the visit of Prime Minister Singh to the White House, where landmark proposals on bilateral cooperation, including civilian nuclear power, were announced. Several months of negotiations over the contours of the nuclear agreement followed, resulting in the deal announced in Delhi this March.

Briefly, the agreement promises to bring India into the

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nonproliferation mainstream. In exchange for full trade in civil nuclear energy, India has agreed to separate its military and civilian nuclear programs over the next eight years, placing 14 of its 22 reactors under permanent international safeguards, as well as all future civilian thermal and breeder reactors. It has also agreed to maintain its unilateral moratorium on nuclear testing and to work with the United States toward a fissile material cutoff treaty, which would ban the production of fissile material, like plutonium-239, used in nuclear weapons and other explosive devices.

Critics have argued that the Bush administration's decision to tackle head-on the thorny question of Delhi's nuclear status was a miscalculation. Rather than focusing attention on a divisive issue, they suggest, Washington and Delhi should have first gone after the low-hanging fruit in fields like trade, economic development, and military-to-military cooperation.

This is an appealing argument, but there are several problems with it. For starters, the Bush administration and the Singh government *have* pursued those other avenues of cooperation, and with vigor. Although you'd hardly know it from the press coverage, energy cooperation was just one element of the July 18 U.S.-Indian Joint Statement. Perhaps the nuclear issue distracted attention from the other proposals—although a "Knowledge Initiative on Agriculture" might not have made the front pages on the slowest of days.

What cannot be said is that the nuclear deal has inhibited broader bilateral cooperation. On the contrary, the past year has witnessed a quiet explosion of wonky agreements, initiatives, treaties, delegations, and bilateral consultations between the United States and India. And although the Bush administration might have succeeded in pushing these in the absence of the nuclear deal, there's no question that the agreement gave the relationship a new momentum. That's precisely why proponents of the U.S. strategy argued for disposing of the nuclear albatross in the first place: Only if this were done, they insisted, could the broader partnership get off the ground. And so far, it looks like they were right.

It's also worth noting that the Bush administration—with less than three years to go in office—has its own reasons to be leery of a go-slow approach. In the past, closer U.S.-Indian ties have been hamstrung by hostile bureaucracies and personalities in Washington or Delhi or both. Since 2005, however, the constellation of power in the two capitals has been almost perfectly aligned. Condoleezza Rice and her team at the State Department are united in their push for a nuclear deal, even as the Indian prime minister is prepared to spend political capital to reach an accord. It's an opportunity that may no longer exist come January 2009. Given that uncertainty, it's hard to blame Bush and Singh for deciding to be bold.

As for the substance of the deal itself, there is a growing body of literature—both in India and the United States—about whether it gave away too much or too little, whether it will be good or bad for the cause of nonproliferation, and so on. This debate reveals the extent to which the agreement is the product of a genuine compromise by both sides; the suggestion that Delhi took Washington to the cleaners, or vice versa, simply doesn't hold up. It should also send a cautionary signal to congressional leaders who think they can reverse-engineer eight months' delicate diplomacy by rewriting the agreement in the months ahead. (As congressman Tom Lantos sagely put it, "Every member of Congress could come up with a more perfect agreement—but we could not sell it to the government of India.")

Like any challenge to the status quo, the agreement has also riled entrenched constituencies, who are now on the warpath. For the most strident members of the American nonproliferation community, the very notion of nuclear accommodation with India is nothing short of apostasy—the start of a slippery slope toward an atomic Armageddon in which everyone from Japan to Saudi Arabia to Liechtenstein will end up with ICBMs.

In fact, the deal with India *does* establish a double standard. But as Robert Kagan has pointed out, the Nonproliferation Treaty itself established a double standard long ago, and "a particularly mindless kind of double standard" at that. The NPT, after all, is "not based on justice or morality or strategic judgment or politics but simply on circumstance: Whoever had figured out how to build nuclear weapons by 1968 was in. At least our double standard for India makes strategic, diplomatic, ideological, and political sense."

The histrionic claims about Iran and other rogue states are considerably flimsier. Tehran has a nuclear weapons program because—surprise!—it wants nuclear weapons, and specifically the freedom of action they will grant the regime against its adversaries. The deal with India may give the Islamic Republic a talking point or two at the U.N., but it will not sway the behavior of any country engaged in the real world struggle with Iran, or the regime itself. That dispute is being shaped by hard-nosed, and often crude, calculations of national interest and power, not what happens between the United States and India.

That said, the nuclear deal with India does contain risks. As Henry Sokolski, director of the Nonproliferation Policy Education Center and the most incisive critic of the agreement, has warned, it's certain to push Pakistan toward further development of its own nuclear arsenal, aided and abetted by China. It may also provoke China into overt nuclear competition with India, laying the groundwork for an arms race in Asia.

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But this critique—in framing the nuclear deal as a choice between a destabilizing arms race and a benign status quo—fails to consider two questions: Is it in the U.S. national interest to keep India in a position of permanent strategic weakness vis-à-vis China? And, in the absence of the nuclear deal, is a rising India itself likely to accept a position of inferiority?

The answer, in both instances, is no. Like it or not, Asia is going to be the scene of geopolitical competition in the twenty-first century. The issue at hand is how intelligently the United States can manage it.

To its credit, the White House seems to grasp the importance of the regional dynamic in pursuing its entente with India—although, for obvious reasons, it cannot make too much of it publicly. As Ashley Tellis, a scholar at the Carnegie Endowment and an architect of the nuclear deal, has argued: "If the United States is serious about advancing its geopolitical objectives in Asia, it would almost by definition help New Delhi develop strategic capabilities such that India's nuclear weaponry and associated delivery systems could deter against the growing and utterly more capable nuclear forces Beijing is likely to possess by 2025."

Ditching the agreement would not make Indian nuclear weapons or the prospect of Indo-Chinese rivalry go away. Instead, it would align Washington with Beijing in its bid to confine and contain Indian power—a very strange position for the United States to be in. India, meanwhile, would no doubt seek out other patrons to protect its national interests. It's no coincidence that Jacques Chirac was in Delhi a week before President Bush this spring, touting the benefits of Franco-Indian nuclear cooperation.

The Bush administration's proposed deal, moreover, would not only strengthen India's geopolitical position in Asia, but also provide Washington with new opportunities to influence New Delhi's strategic calculus, both in the short and long term.

The recent confrontation with Iran over its own nuclear program at the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) provides a case in point. India has long hoped to build a 1,700-mile gas pipeline from Iran to satisfy its rising demand for energy. Despite pointed threats from Tehran, however, Delhi voted twice with the United States against Iran at the IAEA. It did this precisely because the prospect of the nuclear agreement with the United States outweighed its interest in placating the mullahs. India, incidentally, was the only member of the nonaligned movement to do so.

Much of the leverage that the nuclear deal would afford the United States would come in subtler forms. As America and India became accustomed to working closely together, each government would have a greater incentive to consult the other, both to preempt and defuse disagreements, and to identify and exploit new fields of cooperation. Strategic partnership thus becomes self-reinforcing.

Public perceptions can play an important role in this process. It's notable that, over the past few years, India has bucked the global trend toward anti-Americanism, with more than 70 percent of its citizens expressing a favorable view of the United States. That's up from 54 percent in 2002 and the highest U.S. approval rating in any country polled by Pew. On Iraq, India is the only country other than America where a plurality believes the removal of Saddam Hussein has made the world safer.

Statistics like this are important not only because they validate the Bush administration's outreach efforts, but also because, in a democratic polity such as India, pro-American views can help empower pro-American governments. And as the Indian public increasingly sees the United States as a friend and ally, they are likely to be more willing to listen to Washington's arguments on topics where we do not immediately agree.

Americans, of course, are accustomed to thinking of alliances as quid pro quo arrangements: You give us basing rights, we put you under our security umbrella. You give us access to your markets, we give you access to ours. But this kind of analysis works poorly with a rising power like India.

Rather, the institutional framework that the Bush administration is constructing with Delhi is best understood as a long-term investment in a stock that is going to appreciate in the years ahead. As one U.S. military officer observed, "The costs of building a relationship with India today are significantly lower than the costs of facing India as a spoiler in the future. Moreover, the costs of building a relationship with India will probably increase over time."

So let's assume that the Bush administration succeeds in pushing through the nuclear deal in more or less salvageable form. What then?

To be sure, the raft of programs that the White House and the Singh government have already initiated can keep bureaucrats in both capitals beavering away for years to come. With luck, these linkages will build constituencies, and these constituencies will help sustain the relationship—irrespective of the inevitable changes in national leadership.

In the interim, however, there are several areas where the two governments could still push ahead more aggressively, especially in defense policy. The security of the Indian Ocean is a top concern for both the United States and India, as well as the first object of India's military modernization. Given India's naval assets, the country's integration into a network of Asian-Pacific democracies is an obvious long-term objective.

Central Asia is another arena where Washington and Delhi can work more closely together. From energy secu-

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rity to democracy promotion to the stabilization of Afghanistan, they have a wide range of common interests there. Building a road or railroad into Afghanistan should be an immediate priority. Not only would it undercut the rationale for Indian-Iranian relations, but regional economic integration is also the best hope for success in Kabul. If Washington wants a long-term partner in the transformation of the Hindu Kush, it should look toward Delhi, not Brussels.

There's also much to be gained by deeper military cooperation between Delhi and Washington. Although there's been progress on this front in recent years, senior policymakers would do well to keep a close eye on the details. Defense-industrial cooperation, managed properly, can do wonders to help secure an alliance; botched, it can inflict irreparable harm.

Although a more sensitive subject, the United States should also be quietly thinking about basing arrangements with India. As Stephen Blank at the Army War College, among others, has observed, "American force posture remains dangerously thin in the arc—many thousands of miles long—between Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean and Okinawa and Guam in the Pacific." Given the range of threats that could arise in this region, access to Indian real estate would be very valuable.

The United States should also embrace India's bid for a larger role in international institutions, including seats at the G-8 and on the U.N. Security Council. If nothing else, this would help push India's foreign policy elites to think more like leaders of a great power and less like advocates of the nonaligned movement. A U.N. seat for India, along with one for Japan, would also have the advantage of breaking Beijing's Asian monopoly on the council.

Beyond these bilateral initiatives, a global partnership with India will depend on reforms and policies internal to both countries. For Delhi, this means, above all, good stewardship of its economy. The encouraging news here is that India is booming; its economy is averaging approximately 9 percent growth, the second-highest in the world.

But beyond the headlines, India remains a very poor country, with 25 percent of its population living below the poverty line. Economic development here is not only a moral imperative; it is also crucial for India's emergence as a major power and its viability as a model for other countries to follow.

The nuclear deal would aid that process somewhat by helping Delhi expand and diversify the energy sector on which so much of its growth depends. (India's energy needs are expected to double by 2025.) Even more important are nonnuclear reforms that would improve India's energy efficiency, which is currently abysmal. The United States could help here, with an expanded energy dialogue and technical assistance, but much of the heavy lifting would ultimately fall to India itself.

For the United States, the growing importance of India raises questions about the way our foreign policy bureaucracy is organized. To take one example: In the Defense Department, India is on the periphery of U.S. Pacific Command, while Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Central Asia are assigned to U.S. Central Command. This arrangement cuts an artificial seam through the heart of Asia, complicating any attempt to develop coherent strategy toward the whole. Simply put, having the four-star general responsible for India eight and a half time zones away from Delhi is dangerously dumb.

One solution might be to establish a joint subregional command that would bind together South and Central Asia, and assign it the task of coordinating between CENTCOM and PACOM. The logical place to put this post would be Afghanistan, which is already home to a large American troop presence, not to mention a U.S. subregional command, with Pakistan and Central Asia in its area of responsibility. With NATO expected to take charge in Afghanistan this fall, the Pentagon is going to need to come up with a new framework for the region anyway—and as the British and Russians alike understood a century ago, there's no better back door to India than Afghanistan.

"Five wasted decades." That is how Jaswant Singh characterized U.S.-Indian relations on the eve of President Clinton's visit to Delhi, and rightly so. Six years later, President Bush has done more than any leader since 1947 to transform Washington's relationship with Delhi. The question now before Congress is whether to endorse the partnership that we are at last on the threshold of securing—or condemn it to yet another wasted decade.

To be clear on this point, if Congress rejects the nuclear deal—or allows it to unravel by legislative nitpicking—the result will be a devastating setback to U.S.-Indian relations. Just as the agreement helped spur cooperation on a range of fronts, its collapse would disrupt a range of interactions.

The resistance to the nuclear deal is made all the more ironic by the fact that the White House's Indian diplomacy cuts against many of the stereotypes about President Bush's foreign policy. It is a step toward a long-term alliance, grounded in shared interests and principles, not a temporary coalition of the willing. It is a deliberate courtship of a rising power, not a shotgun marriage with a client state. Most important, it is a rare instance of the White House successfully closing the gap between ambition and implementation that has dogged its initiatives, from democracy promotion to the war in Iraq. If a balance of power in favor of freedom is to come into being, it simply must include India. ♦

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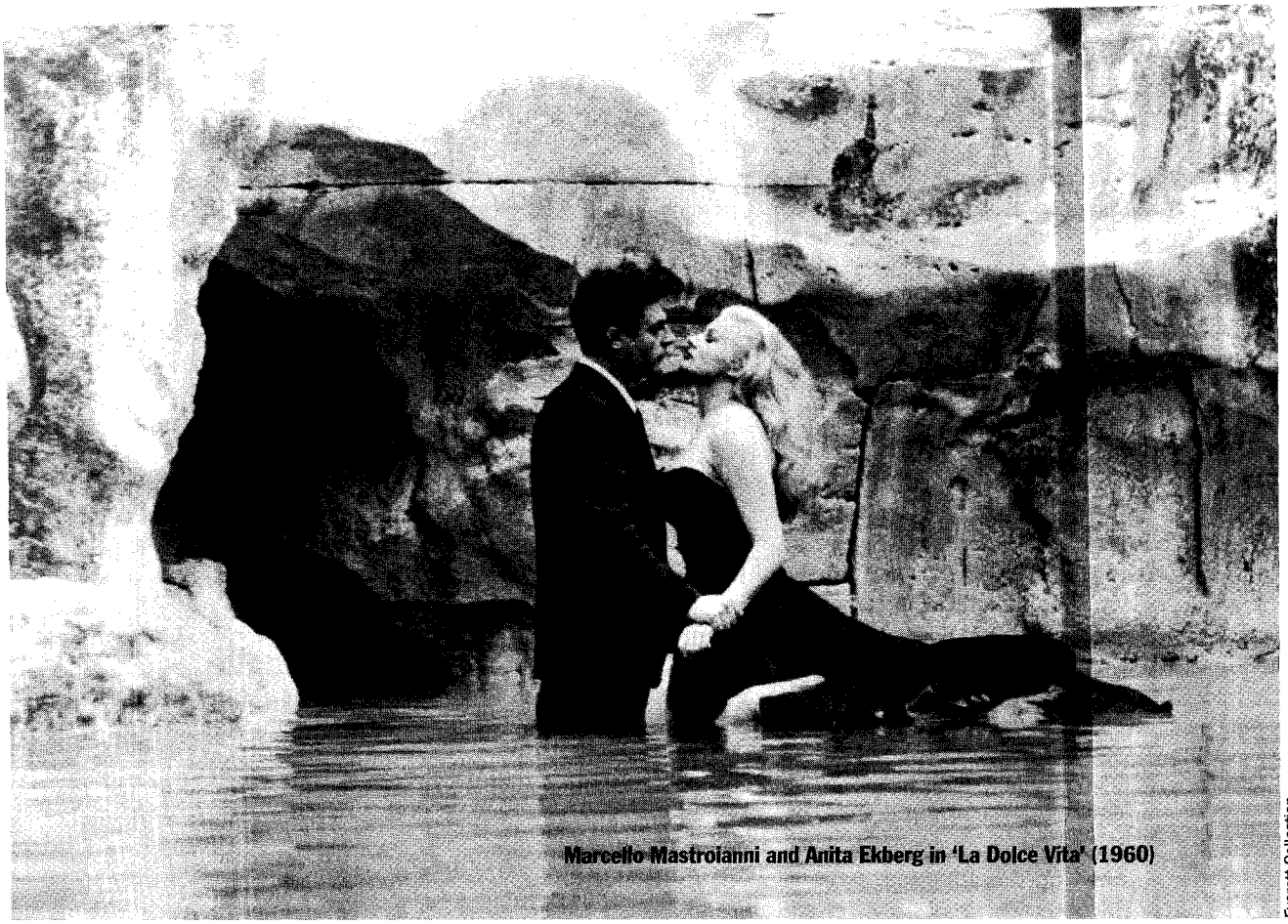

Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg in 'La Dolce Vita' (1960)

Everett Collection

The Cinema Magician

Federico Fellini's life in film By John Simon

Tullio Kezich's *Federico Fellini: His Life and Work* is the first fully successful critical biography of the great artist. But at 464 pages, it is so ample in critical scope and brimful of irresistible information as to make one despair of doing it justice in a mere review.

Kezich is the film critic for the distinguished *Corriere Della Sera*, and was for over 40 years a close friend of Fellini's. Also a playwright and scenarist, he is no run-of-the-mill journalist: Though he knows in which restaurant and with whom Fellini ate what meal, he does not clobber you with unnecessary detail or allow friendship to cloud his judgment. He places the man and artist into the context of the annals of cinema, as well as of Italian politics and world history. His close-ups are as good as his panoramic shots, and except for there being no music by Nino Rota, reading the book feels very nearly like a Fellini film.

Indeed, it is hard to tell with Fellini whether his art imitated his life, or vice versa.

Federico Fellini
His Life and Work
by Tullio Kezich
Faber & Faber, 464 pp., $35

Fellini the director did not spring full-fledged from his youthful brow. Federico was born in 1920 in the sleepy little Adriatic town of Rimini. His provincial father, Urbano, had a wholesale business, mostly in coffee and cheese, and was handsome and gregarious. His mother, Ida, a city girl rejected by her family for marrying beneath her station, became pious and withdrawn. Despite their differences, they stayed together; to them, Federico may have owed his divided personality.

The youth, his somewhat younger brother, and their friends indulged in escapades worthy of the *vitelloni* that figure so prominently in Fellini's cinema. A *vitellone* is literally an overgrown calf; figuratively, a big baby or layabout. Curiously or not, Fellini was never to show interest in politics or soccer, the most traditional topics of Italian society. Nor did he ever don a swimsuit or take a still photograph. Even more oddly, growing up he rarely saw movies.

Too clever and talented to be long stuck in Rimini, and perhaps spurred on by a traveling circus (clowns were to be a lifelong passion), he duly went to Rome to be, as Kezich writes, "swallowed up as if by a starving, protective and dangerous mother." With his gift

John Simon writes about theater for Bloomberg News.

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for drawing, particularly caricatures and comic strips, he landed a job with the comic magazine *Marc'Aurelio*, drawing and, later, writing comic sketches. This led to other journals and to the radio. Before very long, Federico was also a gag writer for others, including film directors. But at this time, he never dreamed of becoming one himself.

Kezich evokes vividly the young man's Roman adventures, one of them leading him toward a young actress who appeared in one of his radio sketches, Giulietta Masina. Living with her extraordinary aunt Giulia, Giulietta had experimented unsuccessfully with other arts until settling on acting. Her elfin charm and sound values attracted the young man "worn out by the carousel of furnished rooms and boarding houses." Marriage to Giulietta, beginning in her aunt's comfortable apartment, also meant dodging the wartime draft. It was to endure 50 years—until death—and though, Kezich observes, Federico "doesn't give up flirting with other women, he does it with the security that Giulietta is beside him."

Lured into screenwriting, Fellini worked on many important movies, such as Roberto Rossellini's *Open City* and *Paisan*, and films of the no-less-important Pietro Germi. He became coscenarist with such leading practitioners as Alberto Lattuada, Brunello Rondi, Ennio Flaiano—later on, Bernardino Zapponi and Tonino Guerra—and his steadiest partner-to-be, Tullio Pinelli. Lattuada, also a director, pushed him into directing a few scenes of his *Variety Lights*. Between reticence and self-contradiction, however, Fellini managed to obfuscate any clear identification with himself in his films.

And what a life he had! To cite but one incident, take Fellini's narrow escape from the Nazis. Forced onto a truck during a mass roundup, he spots a Wehrmacht officer and, madly shouting "Fritz! Fritz!" jumps off the truck to embrace him. Apologizing to the befuddled fellow with a hand gesture, he runs off to hide on a side street, collapsing on the curb very near the house where, coincidentally, he was to spend his last years.

To survive in the lean postwar era Fellini draws portraits of GIs in cafes. He is bribed by Rossellini to play the fake St. Joseph in *The Miracle* with a million-lire check, which Roberto takes back a half-hour later. But he buys Federico the first of his many fancy cars.

Fellini hated the theater, except *variété*, the European vaudeville, at which he often hung out. Already while working on *Variety Lights*, he declared that cinema called for clear ideas, hard work, and the ability not to care about anybody else. As Kezich observes, he was gradually turning into "a real movie animal capable of the most Machiavellian behavior."

Making his first film, the enchanting *The White Sheik*, he doesn't improvise (as many believe) but knows what he wants and how to get it, though he incorporates ideas that come to him during shooting. Albeit totally unmusical, he meets the wonderful composer Nino Rota and forms a close partnership with him. Until his death after *Orchestra Rehearsal*, Rota provides Fellini with arguably the finest film scores ever composed, the one for *Sheik* no exception.

Next comes Fellini's loveliest film, *I Vitelloni*, into which he smuggles Alberto Sordi (his White Sheik) against the producer's wishes. Sordi and a bunch of young actors are sensational in the film. Unfairly, it garners only a Silver Lion at the Venice Festival.

A sequel to it, *Moraldo in the City*, swiftly banged out by Fellini, Pinelli, and Flaiano, does not get made. Kezich is uniquely informative and insightful about such unrealized projects in which great efforts were invested. Most important among them was *The Voyage of G. Mastorna*, on which the director vainly worked almost his whole life. Other such miscarriages include an early one for Sophia Loren and a late one with script by Carlos Castaneda. The huge obstacles that even a star director encounters, and sometimes actually hurdles, increase one's admiration for Fellini, even if his methods and treatment of coworkers (his wife included) were often less than admirable. Still, what reactions he had to endure! The shattering *La Strada* was called by critics old, fake, insincere, literary, unrealistic, pathological, and childish.

But praise by intellectuals (of whom Fellini was always wary) can also be a problem. We read: "[Pier Paolo] Pasolini and Alberto Moravia, each with his own personal take on [*La Dolce Vita*], manage to provoke more worry for the director than reassure him. He doesn't like the label 'neo-decadent' and is totally perplexed by the comparison drawn between him and the poet Giovanni Pascoli. He thought he was doing something completely different and much more basic—a made-up magazine, a magazine film."

Meanwhile, Kezich also keeps amusing track of Fellini's principal love affairs, some of which, more or less transformed, end up in the movies. They were not quite as numerous as gossip or Federico would have it. Asked during production of *La Dolce Vita* if he had an affair with Anita Ekberg, he replied, "You should certainly please tell everyone that I have."

Absorbing, too, are the accounts of how Fellini and Pasolini haunted Rome's disreputable quarters and palled around with prostitutes (who adored Fellini) for *The Nights of Cabiria* and of Fellini's conflicts with major actors (he hated working with stars). But he himself became a star by and by, and his sets turned into tourist attractions.

In his belief that cinema should reinvent rather than imitate reality, he had his set designer create the Via Veneto in the studio, and claimed that it was better than the real thing. He became impervious to personal attacks—often physical—as when he and his frequent star, Marcello Mastroianni, after being jostled and spat at, adjourned for "a lunch of risotto with saffron at Biffi Scala," and talked about other things.

Dreams were ever more important to Fellini, and he kept a Dream Book, including even such nightmares as when he is forced to have mortifying sex with an ugly woman. Much of *8 1/2* is made up of dreams and dreamlike fantasies. Kezich locates the reason for its being "one of the most admired and praised works in the history of cinema [in] that it

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Federico Fellini, 1974

Bettmann / Corbis

teaches bravery and (with difficulty, effort, pain, and joy) how to say 'I.'"

Reluctantly, Fellini gets some psychotherapy; sanguinely, he gets involved with a magician and magic. This surfaces in a film dedicated to his wife, *Juliet of the Spirits*, which brings about the end of several friendships and collaborations. But what would have been a noteworthy collaboration with Ingmar Bergman (the directors admired each other) falls through because of an American producer's insolvency. Producers, censorship, the Church—what battles Fellini has with them.

Apropos of the autobiographical *Amarcord*, Kezich remarks: "Fellini is incapable of hating anyone, even the Fascists . . . depicting them as clowns only slightly more sinister than the rest of the clowns." Federico is, of course, a joker himself: He does not read Casanova for his film about him, or Petronius for what becomes *Fellini Satyricon*.

The later films are lesser works, but at Kezich's hand, make for no less riveting reading. With Rota's death, the scores, too, lose a good deal, and Fellini's control slackens: "After the first few weeks, I'm not directing the movie anymore; the movie is directing me"—though he does not see this as a drawback. He enjoys "the simple task of doing it. . . . It would all be meaningful even if the movie were never printed, edited, seen. If the camera had no film. If there weren't even a camera."

The method changes. "I can't work the way I used to, with a screenplay and dialogue. Now I just want an outline, and then I improvise while I'm shooting." Illnesses of various kinds afflict him. Even so, in the last films, as in *The Voice of the Moon*, Fellini fans "can find solace in that the maestro, though weary and disconsolate, is still there, immersed in the task of finding an answer to the amorphous chaos of existence."

"Toward the end of his life," Kezich writes, "the shadow of the great film Fellini never made [*Mastorna*] weighs heavier on him." Unwell, he cannot make the trip to Hollywood for a Lifetime Achievement Award. Three bank commercials he does make are attended only by some 20 people at the Venice Festival. He now does much more reading, and even some painting.

Fellini dies on October 31, 1993, the day after his golden wedding anniversary. Giulietta, also ailing, dies five months later. "There isn't a newspaper in the world that describes [his passing] as anything other than a loss for humanity," writes Kezich. Especially ironic—or prophetic—is one headline: "FOR FELLINI, THIS IS THE START OF A GREAT FUTURE."

Ingmar Bergman spoke to me in the early 1970s of his love for Fellini. "The heat from his creative mind melts him," he said. "He suffers physically from it. One day when he can manage the heat . . . he will make pictures you have never seen in your life." Actually, as Kezich confirms, he had already made those films.

My only reservation about *Federico Fellini* concerns the poor translation by Minna Proctor and Viviana Mazza. There is much that is ungrammatical, un-English, or simply grotesque. We read about "Madre Cabrini," of being "speared on by neurosis," of "Ciro and Serse" (for Cyrus and Circe), the "Commission of Ten" (for Committee), "a square with a dome [for cathedral] like the one in Koln [for Cologne]." And such things as "hung" for hanged, "off of," and "thusly." Most peculiarly, we get "trespassing" for dying; in French, *trépasser* does mean to die, but there is nothing like that in either English or Italian.

Luckily, mistranslations like these, and many more, cannot obscure the book's quality. This biography testifies to the promised great future's permanent present. ◆

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O Canada

Deconstructing our friendly neighbor to the north.

BY ALEXANDER MOENS

John Ibbitson's message for Canadian social conservatives, and especially Christian conservatives, is chilling. I am sure Ibbitson does not have a fascist bone in his body, but those opposed to gay marriage, abortion, and who treasure the usual list of traditional family values are simply dismissed as not good Canadians.

His book wants to praise the liberals—and registered Liberals, for that matter—for bringing about a polite revolution by which Canada has been transformed from a backward dominion into a multicultural, urban, latent world power. The immigrant, the modern city dweller, and the moral progressives have done this despite the "backward-looking social intolerance" of "the desiccated remnant of Canada's colonial past."

The Polite Revolution
Perfecting the Canadian Dream
by John Ibbitson
McClelland & Stewart, 288 pp., $24.95

In case you missed it, that was a description of Canadian conservatives. Ibbitson believes this very urban, multicultural, and morally licentious revolution may yet fulfill one of Canada's most ridiculous prognostications when, in 1904, Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier proclaimed that the 20th century would belong to Canada. Having missed that target, Ibbitson feels we have a good shot at the 21st century.

Many Americans may be startled to find Canada's polite revolution defined as the freedom to break the Sabbath and "smoke pot while watching an unrated movie during your same-sex honeymoon." If some American heartland conservatives imply that liberal Americans are not patriotic enough, liberals in Canada regard Canadian religious conservatives as the scourge of the land.

Why does Ibbitson kick these "value conservatives" so hard, except perhaps because they are a tiny minority? More young people are religiously conservative than older people, and immigrants themselves generally dislike the moral decay the author sees as solid evidence for Canadian progress. Canadian small town folks do not generally have racist attitudes towards newcomers, just less contact and less knowledge. Much of the wealth in Canada is still mined, pumped, and logged in rural areas, so it is not obvious why city folks should feel superior.

The irony is that Ibbitson actually wants to make an argument for (economic) conservative policy proposals in the core of this book, but apparently wants to make absolutely sure that no one mistakes him for a social conservative. He wishes that the Liberal party of Canada, which ruled Canada for most of the last decades—this is also the fault of those social conservatives whose values have made the Conservative party "its own worst enemy"—could adopt some conservative ideas and, in so doing, consolidate the revolution.

Ibbitson's partisan attitude is truly overdone. He calls Prime Minister Brian Mulroney "a failure," even though Mulroney negotiated the Canada-U.S. and North American Free Trade Agreements that financed Ibbitson's polite revolution. Ibbitson, who wrote before the current prime minister, Stephen Harper, won his minority government early in 2006, equates him with "radical ideologues in Alberta" and with giving away Canadian sovereignty to the United States. Another vignette of Canadian politics reveals itself. There is an open season on two more species beside Christian conservatives: Albertans, and those who do not dislike and distrust Americans. In contrast to Ibbitson's predictions about Harper, Canadians are now watching a very skilled and cautious new prime minister, while Ibbitson predicts Harper can never win in the cities. We will see.

If the reader is interested in gaining insight into what Canadian conservatives—even just economic conservatives—think, this is not the right book. Ibbitson only wants to apply some prescriptions without understanding conservative philosophy, or without explaining how Canadian politics must first create the conditions for conservative policies to be implemented. (To find out more about a bottom-up strategy for Canadian conservatism, there is a fascinating new book out by Tasha Kheiriddin and Adam Daifallah, *Rescuing Canada's Right: Blueprint for a Conservative Revolution.*)

The best part of Ibbitson's book is about policy fixes in areas where the Liberal party left a legacy of failure. Nothing much new here, but it provides a useful overview of the main themes. Often a libertarian in his proposals, Ibbitson nevertheless remains resistant to the logic of tax cuts fueling his revolution.

His first sound call is for the federal government to give back tax and governing powers to the provinces and to stop using regional subsidies, such as unemployment insurance, to reward inefficiency and corruption. The thing about modern Canada that gets the author very excited is the fact that it admits twice as many immigrants per capita as the United States. These dynamic folk go to the three big cities, drive Canada's urban renewal, and help it stave off the graying and depopulation threats facing most other Western democracies. He offers a good idea. In response to research that older immigrants coming in the 1980s are not doing as well economically as immigrants who came in the 1960s,

Alexander Moens is professor of political science at Simon Fraser University.

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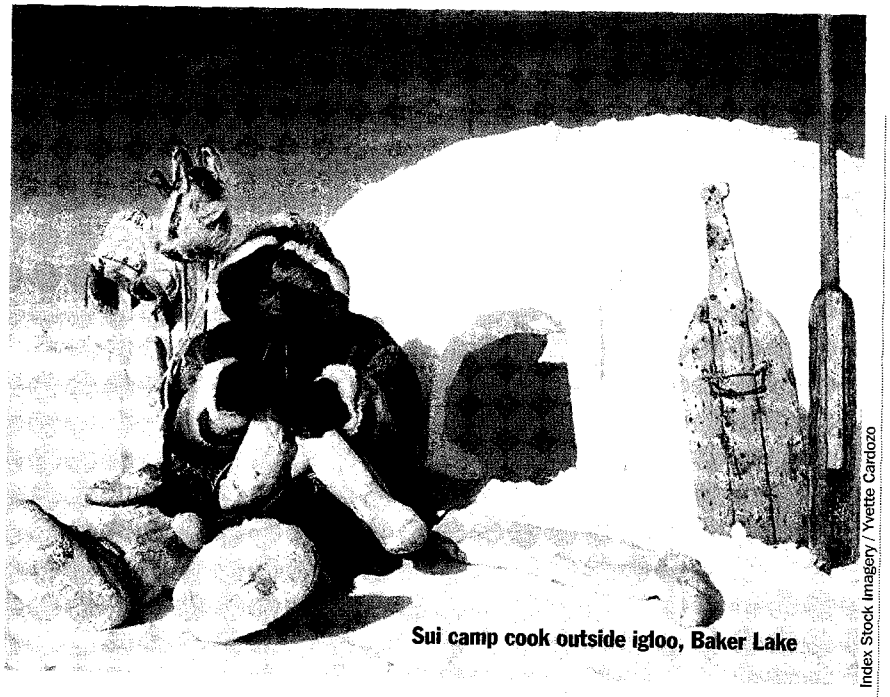

Sui camp cook outside igloo, Baker Lake

Index Stock Imagery / Yvette Cardozo

bring them in young and train them in Canada.

When praising his big cities, the author underestimates the growing crime rates, especially in property crimes and in some violent crimes. Greater Vancouver, for example, is suffering from epidemic levels of car theft. Gun crimes in Toronto are up. The author advances the myth that crime rates in Canada are falling, but the opposite is happening, as recent research has shown.

Ibbitson is bold and right about Canada's policies toward Native Peoples; they are wasteful and ineffective. What Native People need are more individual rights, including private property rights on Native Reserves, and fewer group rights. But Ibbitson's conclusion that the "ultimate solution to ending the aboriginal disadvantage within Canada might lie in integration—not as a matter of policy, but as a matter of destiny" is rather glib. What he means is that Native Peoples should leave the rural reserves and join the mixing throngs in the big cities. So far, too many Natives that do so end up on the streets.

He is also right about calling for major reforms in Canada's Communist-like health care system which prohibits private health care. The solution is to provide public health insurance, but allow both public and private health-care to mix and compete. Liberal governments pandered to public phobias about American health care and never moved an inch. Now, provinces such as Alberta and Quebec have begun to take health care into their own hands, though Quebec depends on Ottawa's financial handouts.

Ibbitson rightly argues for breaking the public monopoly on Canadian universities, but he does not go far enough. Not only are Canadian public universities not reinvesting, they are also (at least in the social sciences) dependent on government research grants that pander to left-wing and politically correct research programs.

His last recommendations are on foreign and defense policy. After having hollowed out Canadian Forces from the 1980s onward, Ibbitson detected a "change of heart" in the last Liberal government when it promised to boost defense spending from $13 billion to $20 billion over five years. This was no change of heart but a desperate attempt by then-Prime Minister Paul Martin to steal yet another policy plank from the rising Stephen Harper. Anyhow, given Canada's economic size and its stake in world trade and peace, Canada's defense budget should really be in the neighborhood of $40 billion.

I have been around Canadian Forces personnel for many years, and only now do I detect a new bounce in their step and a sense of real progress towards rebuilding a force that can have a strong expeditionary capacity to operate alongside key allies such as the United States. For years, Canadians have been led down the garden paths of U.N. or other schemes of peace building that basically added nothing to Canadian national security. Ibbitson is still taken by the Liberal idea of a "Responsibility to Protect," another U.N. pledge for which the author wants to have one Canadian brigade ready at all times.

Why one brigade? What would that add? There is no explanation. Several pages later Ibbitson calls for a battalion. Fair enough; things military are not the author's forte. Yes, repressed peoples such as in North Korea and Zimbabwe need our help, but it won't come through the United Nations. The author is also oblivious to the mountains of evidence showing that traditional official development assistance does not work. He wants Canada to meet the European target of giving 0.7 percent of GDP to the Third World (it sits at 0.28 percent today). If there is no better accountability, the money would be wasted.

Thankfully, Ibbitson does not forget to note that anti-Americanism is getting out of hand in Canada, and is risking "a corrosive effect on Canada-U.S. relations." Bang on: He says the "danger is not that Canada will grow too close to the United States, but that we are growing too far apart." Sensible things are proposed, such as regulatory harmonization, less border controls, and more labor mobility. But this will take a much more proactive Canadian commitment than most Canadians realize.

Toward the end of the book, Ibbitson tries unconvincingly to kickstart some democratic reforms. He proposes proportional representation, but qualifies it so much that it falls flat. He wants more nonelected bodies, such as the Liberal-appointed Supreme Court, to make decisions that bypass self-serving political trends. The cure is worse than the disease. He wants to force immigrants to live outside Canada's big cities (what about their individual rights?), and he wants to institute compulsory voting. Yawn. ♦

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Rhyme without Reason

There's 'something-nasty-in-the-greenhouse' about this anthology. **BY EDWARD SHORT**

No publisher has put out better anthologies of verse over the years than Oxford University Press.

Even *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, edited by William Butler Yeats in 1936, perhaps the most controversial of all the volumes, was not without its good points. If Yeats had an eccentric view of what constituted the "modern," his special pleading for decidedly *unmodern* poets made for lively reading. Who but Yeats would have made such extravagant claims for Oliver St. John Gogarty? Of course, excluding Wilfred Owen on the grounds that "passive suffering is not a theme for poetry" was mad, and including the ramblings of Harold Nicolson's wife, Vita Sackville-West, didn't show the best of taste. But he included a good smattering of the *fin de siècle* poets that he had befriended in his youth. If Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson were not one's cup of tea, there was still that unforgettable introduction, which by any reckoning was a masterpiece of Yeatsian blather.

The Oxford Book of American Poetry
Edited by David Lehman
Oxford, 1,200 pp., $35

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse*, first published in 1900 and revised in 1939, epitomized the taste of the bookmen that John Gross wrote of so memorably in *The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters* (1969). Q may have had his blind spots, but he delineated a great tradition, which most readers still accept. Helen Gardner certainly accepted a good deal of it for her *New Oxford Book of English Verse* (1972). An incisive critic of T.S. Eliot, John Milton, and the Metaphysical Poets, she improved on Q's selection by adding ampler selections from Lord Byron, Alfred Tennyson, and Robert Browning, and restoring John Dryden and Alexander Pope to their rightful place. Yet in the same way that Q's selection evolved from Francis Palgrave, Gardner's evolved from Q. The newest collection by Christopher Ricks, published in 1999, brings their combined labors up to date. The advocate of the poet in Bob Dylan is an unrepentant traditionalist.

More recently, Oxford books have enriched the way we think of whole periods. Roger Lonsdale's *New Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse* (2003) showed what exuberant, unconventional, racy verse was being composed throughout a period that, for years, had been thought exclusively neoclassical. In his introduction, Lonsdale made an important point: Yes, he found much unfamiliar verse that was "vigorous, humorous, idiosyncratic," but he also found a lot of predictable dross.

> Clumsy or insipid versifiers, feebly malignant dunces, slavish mimics of currently fashionable modes, opportunistic purveyors of doggerel on transient occasions, blank verse moralists of stupefying turgidity, religiose maunderers of such lameness as hardly to qualify as pedestrian.

Lonsdale reshaped our view of 18th-century verse not by simply admitting whatever was unfamiliar—he clearly acknowledged that most of what had been forgotten in the century's verse was deservedly forgotten—but by admitting of the unfamiliar only what was worth admitting and then letting it realign the familiar. His aim was less "to subvert traditional accounts of the nature and development of eighteenth-century poetry than to supplement them." One can see a similar continuity in the Oxford books of American poetry edited by F.O. Matthiessen in 1950 and Richard Ellmann in 1976. However much it might exasperate the present radicalized academy, anthology-making, by its very nature, is an evolutionary business. Its object is not to "redefine the canon," or make quotas supplant critical judgment, but to identify a living tradition.

If David Lehman had any tradition in mind in compiling *The Oxford Book of American Poetry* it seems peculiarly fractured, amorphous, amnesiac. Many of his choices seem based on a kind of sentimental bohemianism. On what other basis would one include so much of Gary Snyder or Allen Ginsberg? Lehman is profoundly impressed by the fact that Ted Berrigan never had a bank account or a regular job. Why the incompetent should have any special facility for poetry is never spelled out.

Then, too, he has a soft spot for the irrational. The more tortured the poet, the better the poetry. One can see this in the exorbitant space he accords Sylvia Plath. In a piece about Plath, aptly called "Horror Poet," Philip Larkin noted that "Plath was taken with the work of Theodore Roethke . . . She certainly picked up his something-nasty-in-the-greenhouse manner; she too, could find the creepiness in things. . . . She was also . . . ready to exploit her own traumas if they would make poems." For Lehman, this would be belaboring the obvious: Of course poets should exploit their traumas.

But surely "the peanut crunching crowd" has had enough of the traumas of confessional poets. Larkin represents a more civilized point of view when he says that Plath's poems may be "to the highest degree original," but "How valuable they are depends on how highly we rank the expression of experience with which we can in no sense identify, and from which we can only turn with shock and sorrow." This is a welcome reaffirmation of the essential sanity of art.

Edward Short is at work on a book about John Henry Newman and his contemporaries.

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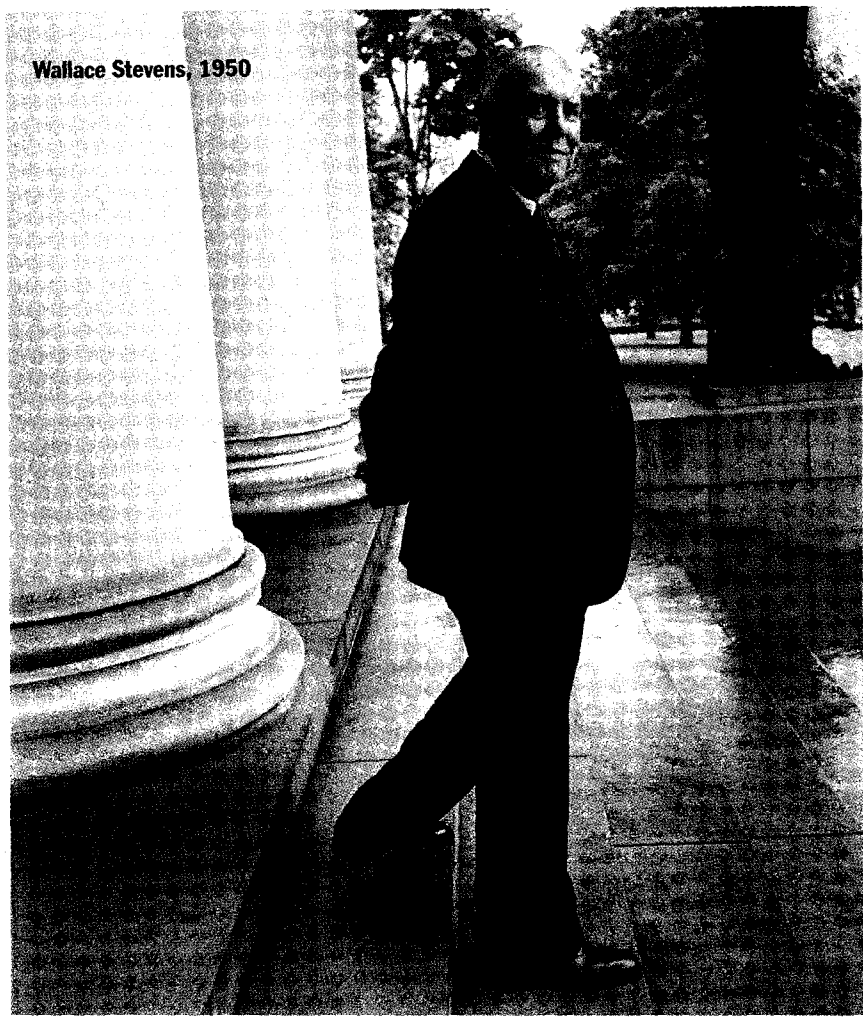
Wallace Stevens, 1950

Time & Life Pictures / Getty Images / Walter Sanders

The notion that art should be irrational, irreverent, nihilistic, ugly, formless, offensive—in fine, provocative nonsense—has stultified poetry as much or more than it has so many of the other arts. Lehman fully subscribes to this hare-brained aesthetics. How else can he justify subjecting his readers to the ravings of Anne Sexton, Bernadette Mayer, and Sharon Olds?

Many of the poets featured here have been subsidized by writing programs, and it shows. In 1985, Kingsley Amis wrote to the *Times* protesting that "Subsidy damages art by tending to foster irresponsibility, showiness, cliquism and self-indulgence in the artist. At the same time the public's power to choose what art it wants by financial pressure on the artist is dangerously weakened." A typical product of these mills of imposture is Jorie Graham, Seamus Heaney's successor at Harvard. For those who might find her poems somewhat elliptical, Helen Vendler explains that when Graham "comes to a concept not yet conceivable she leaves a gap in the middle of a sentence." How little this lazy-mindedness resembles Shakespeare's enraptured air:

which, but for vacancy
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

The anthology is marred by cronyism. Lehman, the editor of *The Best American Poetry* Series, repeatedly puffs this dubious publication and its approved poets. There is back-scratching here on an Olympian scale. No less than a third of the thousand-odd pages are given over to the people whose reputations Lehman makes his living touting. No wonder so much of the book showcases our own "clumsy or insipid versifiers," "slavish mimics of currently fashionable modes," and "opportunistic purveyors of doggerel on transient occasions."

Many of the entries have been oddly chosen. "America the Beautiful" is included because, as Lehman says, "it is both easier to sing and less bellicose" than "The Star Spangled Banner." A man named William Bronk is included for no apparent reason other than that "his poetry is concerned almost obsessively with epistemological questions." Not all readers will understand why the campy loquacity of Frank O'Hara and James Schuyler merit such generous representation. Or why we need quite so much Theodore Roethke.

A steady storm of correspondences!
A night flowing with birds, a ragged moon,
And in broad day the midnight come again!
A man goes far to find out what he is—
Death of the self in a long, tearless night,
All natural shapes blazing unnatural light.

If this were a deliberate spoof on Yeats it would be amusing. But no, Roethke meant it to be taken seriously, as does Lehman. In his introduction, Lehman says that posterity is "intolerant of fakes and indifferent to reputations." It is also intolerant of editors who traffic in false reputations.

Richard Ellmann excelled David Lehman in two crucial respects. He knew how to anthologize major talents, giving readers a good critical sense of their development and variety. His Robert Lowell, for example, is much richer, less uniform, than Lehman's, even though Lehman had the advantage of being able to choose from Lowell's last things. And he favored poets over poems, which suits a good anthology, designed as it should be to acknowledge achievement rather than herald promise.

Lehman too often misrepresents his major poets by selections that are either perfunctory or perverse. While there are no surprises in his Eliot, Robert Frost, and Wallace Stevens, he misrepresents Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and John Greenleaf Whittier, who, for all their unfashionableness, remain two of our most talented poets. And he pays too much attention to small fry. Where Ellmann included 78 poets, Lehman includes 210. One can appreciate Lehman's boldness in trying to treat the new with generosity;

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but, after all, too much of it is mediocre—even though we can all agree with James Merrill that

The eloquence to come
Will be precisely what we cannot say
Until it parts the lips.

Meanwhile, readers will question Lehman's erratic editing. Why give so much more space to Kenneth Koch than John Crowe Ransom? Why give 10 pages to Billy Collins? Why give any space at all to Robert Bly? Why include W.H. Auden? If residency makes foreign-born poets eligible, why not include Joseph Brodsky and Seamus Heaney? And if one insists on including Auden, why dredge up something as waterlogged as "In Memory of Sigmund Freud"? For all the Britons convinced that Wystan lost his groove when he moved here and became, in Larkin's words, "too verbose to be memorable and too intellectual to be moving," this poor poem could be Exhibit A. Why an American would want to include it in an American anthology is baffling. And there is no justification for giving 26 pages to John Ashbery's "snapped-off perceptions."

In the preface of his recent *Oxford Book of English Verse*, Christopher Ricks reaffirmed the special place of anthologies in our lives: "Each of us remembers what, once upon a time, an anthology did for her or him. I shall not myself ever forget the anthologies that—an age ago—gave young me such pleasure, and affably trained me to find new pleasures for myself." It is impossible imagining Lehman's book having any comparable effect on the young today. Or on anyone else. It is an ill-conceived, incoherent, unrewarding book. Lovers of poetry deserve better. ♦

Pius the Good

The brief for a much-maligned pope.

BY WILLIAM DOINO JR.

Ever since the German playwright Rolf Hochhuth produced *The Deputy*—a long, unwatchable 1963 production that depicted Pope Pius XII as indifferent to the Holocaust—the notion that the Vatican bears a large portion of the guilt for Hitler's murder of six million Jews has waxed and waned. But it seemed mostly to be fading away, one of the sillier ventures in historical misunderstanding.

The Myth of Hitler's Pope
How Pope Pius XII Rescued Jews from the Nazis
by David G. Dalin
Regnery, 256 pp., $27.95

And then, suddenly in the late 1990s, it was back—and back with a vengeance. James Carroll published a long essay in the *New Yorker* in 1997 called "The Silence," setting up his 750-page book, *Constantine's Sword*, using Pius XII to indict all things Catholic. With the success of John Cornwell's ingeniously titled *Hitler's Pope* in 1999, the I-hate-Pius-XII books came fast and furious. Garry Wills's *Papal Sin*, Michael Phayer's *The Catholic Church and the Holocaust*, Susan Zuccotti's *Under His Very Windows*, David Kertzer's *The Popes Against the Jews*, Daniel Goldhagen's *A Moral Reckoning*—who could keep up with them all?

Well, one person who managed was David G. Dalin, a rabbi and historian who became increasingly bothered by these attacks on the role of the Vatican during World War II. In 2001—in the pages of this magazine, as it happens—Dalin published "Pius XII and the Jews," a 5,000-word blast at the anti-Pius ideologues. Every so often an essay comes along that changes the way people approach a controversial topic. After it appeared, Dalin's essay became one of the most talked about statements ever published on Pius XII: widely praised, challenged, and reprinted throughout the world.

Dalin has now expanded his essay into a book-length treatment of Pius and related themes. As Dalin shows, with copious documentation, the "silence" of Pius XII and the Catholic Church is one of the great falsehoods of the 20th century. During the rise and reign of the Third Reich, Hitler's racism and the Nazis' anti-Semitism were being condemned by Catholic spokesmen from every corner of the globe—especially the Vatican.

This is not to say that the Church's record is unassailable. Just as one can find bad Catholics today, so one can easily find ecclesiastical cranks, anti-Semites, and collaborators during the Nazi era. But they do not represent the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and the accurate history of those days shows how they lost their attempt to influence the Church.

Among the Catholic leaders who stood tall during that time, argues Dalin, was Eugenio Pacelli, the man who was to become Pope Pius XII. Tracing his life as a young priest, Dalin examines his service as nuncio to Germany (1917-1929), secretary of state to his predecessor Pius XI (1930-1939), and pope (1939-1958). Refuting the notion that Pacelli was a reactionary anti-Semite, Dalin proves that he was, if anything, a *philo*-Semite. As early as 1916, the young Pacelli helped craft a powerful statement against anti-Semitism, then followed that up by befriending and rescuing Jews from outbreaks of anti-Semitic pogroms.

On November 14, 1923, writes Dalin, just five days after Hitler's failed *putsch* against the local government in Munich, "Pacelli wrote to [Secretary of State] Cardinal Gasparri denouncing

William Doino Jr. writes for Inside the Vatican *and is a contributor to* The Pius War: Responses to the Critics of Pius XII.

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Hitler's National Socialist movement and favorably noting Munich archbishop Michael Faulhaber's vocal defense of Bavaria's Jews." Later, after Pacelli succeeded Gasparri, the very first protest he sent Germany was against Nazi anti-Semitism in April 1933, just months after Hitler became chancellor.

Concerning the much-maligned Concordat, signed between Germany and the Church in July 1933, Dalin argues persuasively that it was a necessary defense mechanism against a ruthless totalitarian state. True, Hitler began violating it almost immediately, but had it not been signed, the situation would have been even worse. As Zsolt Aradi, who covered Pius XI's pontificate and wrote one of the best accounts of it, commented: "Actually, the little freedom that the Concordat left for the clergy and hierarchy was widely used to save as many persecuted Jews as could be saved." Critics of the Concordat have never proposed a viable alternative.

Using newly released archives, Dalin establishes that Pacelli was something of a prophet in the 1920s and '30s, warning everyone who would listen about the dangers of Hitler. After a 1937 meeting with Cardinal Pacelli, the American consul A.W. Klieforth wrote to the State Department that Pacelli "regarded Hitler not only as an untrustworthy scoundrel but as a fundamentally wicked person." According to Klieforth, he "did not believe Hitler capable of moderation," in spite of appearances, and that Pacelli "opposed unalterably every compromise with National Socialism."

Klieforth's son, Alexander, has recently confirmed the secret meetings and his father's testimony: "What was divulged was critical, sensitive information, because, among other things, it proved that the pope-to-be was anti-Nazi and hated Hitler. Cardinal Pacelli thought the whole Nazi ideology an abomination because it persecuted the Jews and it persecuted the Church."

Pacelli's abhorrence of anti-Semitism was seen a year earlier, during a visit to America, when he publicly snubbed the notorious anti-Semitic radio priest Charles Coughlin—choosing, instead, to meet with Jewish leaders. Shortly thereafter Coughlin mysteriously vanished from the airwaves and, as Dalin notes, he always blamed Pacelli for his fate.

World War II began only months after Pacelli became pope in March 1939, and his first encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*, is a searing condemnation of racism and totalitarianism. The new pope immediately made contacts with the anti-Nazi Resistance and actually approved a plot to assassinate Hitler. In his allocutions and famous Christmas addresses, Pius defended minorities and sharply condemned the persecution of people based upon their race. He ordered his nuncios to intervene for Jews and vigorously protest their deportation. Pius XII also authorized Vatican Radio to publicly condemn Nazi atrocities—which it did, often quite explicitly, citing Jews by name. Despite ongoing Nazi reprisals, Vatican Radio continued to broadcast defiant words like this, reported in the *New York Times* on June 27, 1943: "He who makes a distinction between Jews and other men is unfaithful to God and is in conflict with God's commands."

During the German occupation of Rome, from September 1943 to June 1944, Pius XII—contrary to his detractors—made several energetic protests against the Nazi seizure of Rome's Jews, and took decisive action to protect them. Thanks to Pius and his subordinates, three quarters of them *did* survive, and Italy, as a whole, had a far higher survival rate of Jews than most other Nazi-occupied countries.

Pius's reaction to the Nazi roundup of Rome's Jews is at the heart of the campaign against him, and in *The Myth of Hitler's Pope*, Dalin is emphatic, demolishing the attack with hard facts and firsthand testimonies. Pius's anti-Nazi activities so enraged Hitler that he planned to kidnap the pope, eliminating him as an obstacle to global domination. During his pontificate, Pius was as strong an opponent of evil as John Paul II was in time: For good reason John Paul called Pius XII "a great pope."

In a 1943 cover story, *Time* declared, "No matter what critics might say, it is scarcely deniable that the Church Apostolic through the encyclicals and other papal pronouncements, has been fighting against totalitarianism more knowingly, devoutly and authoritatively, and for a longer time, than any other organized power. . . . Moreover, it insists on the dignity of the individual whom God created, in his own image, and for a decade has vigorously protested against the cruel persecution of the Jews as a violation of God's Tabernacle."

Dalin makes three major criticisms of Pius's detractors. He maintains that many of those who assail Pius are not really interested in the history of the Jews, or the tragedy of the Holocaust, but merely want to exploit them for their own ideological agendas. As Dalin notes, the Hitler's pope myth has proven quite useful to dissident Catholics who disagree with Catholic teaching. If they can prove that the Vatican was complicit in the Holocaust, then they can weaken papal influence on every issue today, and advance their own agendas.

Dalin also accuses the anti-Pius ideologues of framing him with tainted documents—a mistranslated 1919 letter about revolutionary Jews in Munich, for instance, a phony postwar memo about the Catholic view of baptized Jewish children (fraudulently presented as a "Vatican instruction")—while omitting exculpatory evidence. That very nearly all Pius's detractors ignore his heroic actions at Castel Gandolfo—the papal summer residence, which took in thousands of desperate people, including many Jews, upon Pius's direct orders—underscores this point.

Finally, pointing to the extraordinary tributes the Jewish community offered Pius for saving Jews and fighting anti-Semitism, Dalin slams those authors who have tried to explain these tributes away as mistaken or manufactured in order to promote good Jewish-Catholic relations and reduce anti-Semitism. The idea that Jews manipulate events in their own

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interests is a motif of classic anti-Semitism, and Dalin confronts Pius's detractors with their own bigotry: To "dismiss and deny the legitimacy of their collective gratitude to Pius XII is tantamount to denying the credibility of their personal testimony and judgment about the Holocaust itself. To so deny and delegitimize their collective memory and experience of the Holocaust . . . is to engage in a subtle yet profound form of Holocaust denial."

If critics are so concerned about anti-Semitism, Dalin asks, why have they ignored the anti-Semitism of one of Pius's major contemporaries, Hajj Amin al-Husseini? Who? you might ask. That's just the problem. Few people know about this virulent character, the scion of a wealthy Arab family who became the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem in 1922.

"From his earliest years," writes Dalin, "al-Husseini was known as a virulent anti-Semite and as an opponent of Jewish immigration to Palestine." His hatred of Jews was so intense that he made overtures to the Nazis, with whom he soon formed an alliance.

"While in Berlin," writes Dalin, "al-Husseini met privately with Hitler on numerous occasions, and called publicly—and repeatedly—for the destruction of European Jewry." At the Nuremberg trials, Adolf Eichmann's deputy was even more explicit: "The mufti was one of the initiators of the systematic extermination of European Jewry and had been a collaborator and adviser of Eichmann and Himmler in the execution of this plan. . . . He was one of Eichmann's best friends and had constantly incited him to accelerate the extermination measures."

Hitler had a favorite cleric, but it wasn't Pius XII. Dalin is not the first to draw attention to al-Husseini, but he is the first to discuss the mutti within the context of the Pius debate. Juxtaposing the records of the two religious leaders—al-Husseini, the Nazi collaborator *par excellence*, and Pius XII, who never met Hitler—highlights the duplicity and hypocrisy of Pius's critics.

In defending the good name of Pius XII, Dalin does not stand alone. One of the most encouraging signs in recent years is the wealth of new scholarship supporting Pius. The work of Margherita Marchione and Ronald Rychlak in America; Michael Feldkamp in Germany; Matteo Luigi Napolitano, Andrea Tornielli, and Antonio Gaspari in Italy; and Michael Burleigh and Sir Martin Gilbert in Great Britain all indicate a new outlook on the wartime pontiff. In fact, Gilbert, Winston Churchill's official biographer, and one of the most respected historians of the Holocaust, has been particularly eloquent in his praise of Pius.

So we have come full circle. Pius's reputation declined after Rolf Hochhuth's 1963 attack in *The Deputy*, only to climb slowly up again as the fraudulence of Hochhuth's complaint became clear. His reputation plummeted again in the 1990s as multiple books attacking him hit the bestseller lists. With *The Myth of Hitler's Pope*, David Dalin has begun the work of reestablishing the truth. ♦

'Home' on the Range

A film reinvention of a radio institution.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Garrison Keillor's decades-old radio show, "A Prairie Home Companion," is an extremely odd cultural artifact. It is a loving parody of something already long defunct when Keillor started his show 32 years ago in Minneapolis—a local rural variety program broadcast on the AM band. It's a compendium of folk, country, and bluegrass music, comedy sketches and storytelling as square and American as a Norman Rockwell painting or a Whitman sampler.

A Prairie Home Companion
Directed by Robert Altman

Except, of course, that the show is a put-on. "A Prairie Home Companion" is a work of blue-state sophistication that spends two hours furiously winking at its public-radio audience. The ads, for products as various as Powdermilk Biscuits ("Heavens, They're Tasty and Expeditious") and the Ketchup Advisory Board ("ketchup: for the good times"), are spurious. The sketches, especially those featuring a hard-boiled detective named Guy Noir, who is forced to express his feelings in our emotive era, gently poke fun at left-liberal ideology without poking any holes in it.

And then there is the climax of the show, Keillor's own remarkable 20-minute monologue about his "home town out there on the prairie," Lake Wobegon—a place of the heart that, in three decades, has become as elaborately detailed and generationally populated as Thomas Hardy's Wessex. Keillor's plummy basso voice wraps around his listeners like a blanket as he offers weekly tales of comic suffering and cosmic redemption, all of them (to hear him tell it) improvised. The Lake Wobegon stories offer an extraordinarily affectionate portrait of churchgoing, God-fearing, farm-country Americans. But the affection is always accompanied by the faintest whiff of condescension—like a pat on the head from a loving but superior relative. I have to confess that I love the show, but then, it was tailor-made for blue-state city boys unable even to

John Podhoretz, a columnist for the New York Post, *is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic and author of* Can She Be Stopped?

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Garrison Keillor, Meryl Streep, Lindsay Lohan

Melinda Sue Gordon

take out the garbage without first having an ironic exchange with the wife.

Keillor and the octogenarian bad boy of American cinema, Robert Altman, have now collaborated on a film entitled *A Prairie Home Companion*. Like the radio show itself, it takes place on a Saturday night at the Fitzgerald Theater in St. Paul between 5 and 7 P.M. And the movie's subject is a radio program called "A Prairie Home Companion" hosted by Garrison Keillor that features lots of bluegrass, gospel, and country music.

But at this point the movie diverges radically from the reality. The radio show we see in the movie is not the blue-state condescension fest that warms the cockles of every blue-stater's sentimental heart. No, the show we see in the movie is the very thing "A Prairie Home Companion" sends up—an AM local variety program of a kind that hasn't actually existed for ages. In the movie, when Keillor reads commercials for Powdermilk Biscuits and the Ketchup Advisory Board, we are supposed to think those are real commercials. Guy Noir, the detective voiced by Keillor on the show, is a character in the movie, appearing alongside Keillor as the theater's security guard (and played by Kevin Kline in a lame slapstick turn that represents this brilliant actor's absolute lowest moment on screen).

And while the pickers and strummers on the real radio show are actually the nation's finest and most talented purveyors of so-called roots music, in the movie they are just third-rate locals who have been warbling for the natives forever. John C. Reilly and Woody Harrelson appear as a cowboy-singing duo, a trash-talking twosome whose unwholesome antics have gotten them kicked off the air more than once. Meryl Streep and Lily Tomlin ham it up in Minnesota accents as the Johnson Sisters, gospel artists who sit backstage telling shaggy-dog stories about the old days when they drew audiences at county and state fairs. They're all quite amusing in Altman's patented talk-over-each-other-so-you-can't-make-out-any-of-the-dialogue style.

In reality, Keillor would never permit such mediocre musicians on his program, which is a showcase for the most distinguished folk artists in the country. But then, the Keillor we see in this picture isn't a bestselling novelist who is also the biggest star in public radio history. He's a no-talent nobody who doesn't even deliver an amusing Lake Wobegon monologue.

The narrative conceit here is that we're seeing the final "Prairie Home Companion" broadcast. The station on which it airs has been purchased by a Texas (boo, hiss) conglomerator who is shutting the show down. Everyone wonders whether Keillor will acknowledge the fact on air.

"I'm not into making big speeches," he says. "Every show is your last show."

"Thank you, Plato," Meryl Streep, always great and even greater here than usual, says in response.

It's hard to know what to make of this change in the show's status from beloved Bobo broadcast to ragged radio remnant until, about a half-hour through the proceedings, Virginia Madsen appears backstage wandering around like a zombie. After awhile she tells Keillor she is the Angel of Death, and when he takes this fact in stride, as though she's telling him she's an Amway representative, an already bizarre film becomes an embarrassment. What we're watching, it turns out, isn't a comedy about radio, but an act of joint solipsism on the part of Keillor and Altman—a profoundly uninteresting and unmoving meditation on the inevitability of death.

Death is indeed inevitable, but movies that strain to inform us of the fact do very little but steal two precious hours of life from us that we'll never get back. ♦

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Parody

They drink until they vomit, rage bare-chested and pick fistfights with rival fans. Three thousand three hundred of these British soccer "hooligans" were forced to turn in their passports by Tuesday to keep them from causing disruption at the World Cup tournament, which starts next week in Germany. In addition to barring Britain's most aggressive fans from traveling abroad, police are also keeping an eye on them at home by demanding that they register at a local police station every day England has a game. . . . British police also maintain a computerized database of known hooligans.

—The Washington Post, May 31

Metropolitan Police Hooligan Register

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Taplow, Reginald ('Reg'). Age 27.
Address: 59A
Pusschester Mews,
Great Maggott,
Hampshire.
Tel. 33 299 9816.
Engine polisher.
Unmarried. MO: Drunk
and disorderly,
random physical assaults, bare-chested
stabbing.

Tarbox-Flinchworth,
Bt., Sir Ian Percival
St. John ('Squiffy').
Age 30. Address:
Castle Flinchworth,
Blow-on-the-Wold, nr.
Blemish, Sussex.
Tel. Unpublished.
Philanthropist.
MO: Likes to debag (remove trousers
from) German and Belgian referees.

Tattle, Frederick
('Stump,' 'Fred').
Age 37. Address: 101
Fishmonger Lane,
Lower Scratchings,
Norfolk.
Tel. 92 987 2768.
Unemployed.
Unmarried. MO: Assaults women and
elderly with prosthetic device.

Tazewell, Rev. Canon James Horace
Arbuthnot ('Stinky').
Age 61. Address:
The Rectory, Church
of the Resumption,
Retching, nr.
Flemworth, Kent.
Tel. 68 781 3658.
Clergyman.
Unmarried. MO: Pours lemonade on Greeks
and Spaniards, tickles Belgian women.

Tebblethwaite, Col. (Ret.) Miles Henry
Fetherstonhaugh
('Colonel'). Age 67.
Address: Tebblethwaite
Hall, Middle Flossing,
Buckinghamshire.
Tel. 82 848 2077.
Retired officer.
Married. Shoots paper
clips/matches etc. at foreign nationals,
uses riding crop for unnatural
purposes.

Tedrow-Winkle, Simon ('Plum Tart').
Age 28. Address:
88 Hornberry
Mansions, London
WC2 4VD.
Tel. Unpublished.
Choreographer.
Unmarried. MO: Drunk
and disorderly,
strikes police with umbrella, unleashes
withering sarcasm at bystanders.

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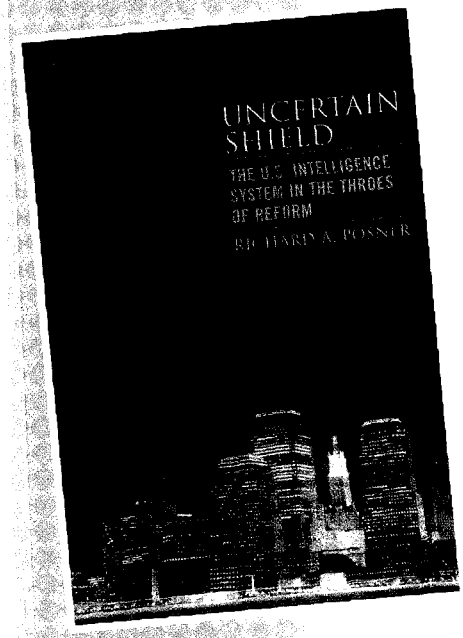

"Posner's continued study of reforms in our intelligence structure since 9/11 is illuminating and constructive. Uncertain Shield *makes a major contribution to the debate over how best to ensure America's security."—**Henry A. Kissinger***

In *Uncertain Shield: The U.S. Intelligence System in the Throes of Reform,* Richard Posner picks up where he left off in his latest book, *Preventing Surprise Attacks,* and continues to analyze domestic intelligence reform. He argues that the decisions the current administration has made in implementing the Intelligence Reform and Terrorism Prevention Act of 2004 have created an intelligence system that is too top-heavy and centralized to be effective.

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- Emphasizes the importance of reforms that do not require questionable organizational changes

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going beyond

Is the fuel of tomorrow growing all around us?

The transportation challenge There are some who predict that, by 2050, more than two billion vehicles will be traveling the world's roads, about twice the number of vehicles in use today. As a result, global demand for transportation fuels is likely to rise dramatically, which may have an adverse impact on local air quality and the global climate. So how do we keep the world's citizens and economies moving, while reducing the environmental impact?

Homegrown solutions BP has a role to play in finding solutions to this challenge. That's why we engage in the marketing of alternative transportation fuels, including "biofuels" derived from corn and other crops. These biofeedstocks can reduce the amount of carbon dioxide entering the atmosphere because they absorb carbon dioxide as they grow, and biofuels emit about the same as conventional fuels when they burn. They also offer the advantage of being both renewable and "homegrown."

In the United States, BP was one of the first major energy companies to introduce the biofuel known as E-10, a mixture of 10 percent ethanol and 90 percent gasoline. Virtually all gasoline-powered vehicles on U.S. roads today are able to run on this fuel and perform well. We are also one of the top sellers of ethanol-based fuels in the U.S. Last year alone, we blended more than 575 million gallons of ethanol into our fuels, and we introduced E-10 to more than 20 new markets across the country.

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Biofuels of the future While ethanol-blended fuels will continue to play an important role in meeting America's transport fuel needs, BP is also looking at ways of using non-food crops that can be grown specifically for fuel, such as fast-growing willow, poplar and certain grasses. In addition, we are investing in the development of a new generation of advanced biofuels. These fuels may be able to further reduce emissions and provide better performance than the biofuels available today. We're involved in research projects that are seeking ways to convert other forms of "biomass" into fuel, such as waste products from agricultural or forestry activities. We hope technological advances will allow these sorts of fuels to play a larger role in the U.S. transportation fuel supply in the future.

By actively supporting the availability of existing biofuels and applying technology to identify alternative fuels of the future, BP believes we can help meet the needs of consumers, protect the environment and contribute to America's energy security and freedom of choice.

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